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MARCH 15, 1958

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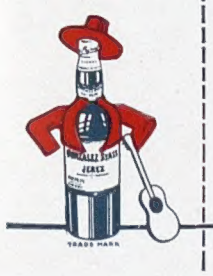

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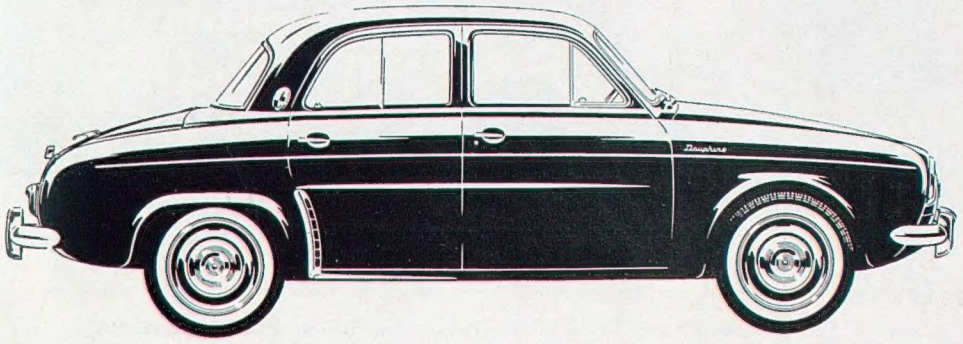

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I.A.T.A. MEMBER

Volume CCXXXII No. 3024

The SPHERE, London, March 15, 1958

# The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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**A ROYAL VISIT TO AUSTRALIA'S FEDERAL CAPITAL—THE QUEEN MOTHER IS ACCOMPANIED BY MR. R. G. MENZIES, THE AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER, AT A STATE BALL : In the King's Hall, at the Federal Parliament House in Canberra, the Queen Mother stops to look at a painting made during her previous visit in 1927. Last week-end Her Majesty's journey home was delayed by engine trouble in the aircraft in which she was travelling.**

The original programme for the Queen Mother's return journey to England, after her extensive tour of New Zealand and Australia, allowed for a stop of one hour in Mauritius. But owing to engine trouble which had developed in the Queen Mother's plane her stay was extended while the necessary repairs were effected. In view of this delay her visit to Nairobi in Kenya, to open the new airport, had to be cancelled. The Queen Mother's last call in Australia was at Perth, from which city she was bade farewell by the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, and Mr. Menzies. Just before her departure she went to the Subiaco Oval where thousands of children had been grouped to form a large map of the country and to spell the message "God speed." Her Majesty's previous visit to Australia had been made in 1927 when, as Duchess of York, she had accompanied her husband for the opening of Parliament House, in Canberra. A painting of the occasion now hangs in the King's Hall and was seen by the Queen Mother when she attended the State Ball last month.

Postage—Inland, 4d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

**THE QUEEN UNVEILS THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICES MEMORIAL:** In Westminster Abbey, Her Majesty stands with the Dean, Dr. Don, after unveiling the memorial which commemorates the thousands of India's Crown Civil Servants who served there between 1858 and 1947. The Duke of Edinburgh is on the left of the picture.

**CLERGY AND LAITY OF THE DIOCESE OF OXFORD MEET IN FULL SYNOD** as the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Carpenter, addresses the full synod to discuss the furthering of his appeal for church

# A London Newsletter

**Dr. Fuchs Does It.**—The triumph of Dr. Fuchs and his splendid team after many grievous disappointments and setbacks during the worst journey in the world is welcome and deserved. He and they join the great roll of pioneers of the South Pole. It is welcome, too, as an example of what men can do with faith and will and courage to remove mountains. Some may still feel that such qualities to-day are better employed in "removing mountains" which more nearly overshadow us. All of us will derive from his success a faith, which has faltered, that, given the qualities he revealed, men can still achieve miracles and even bring about the "impossible." The Antarctic pioneer may not be the man to achieve political or economic miracles, but the qualities needed to conquer the icefields are the same as those required to resolve the cold war or economic blizzards, and perhaps those fields may one day find their Fuchs to link up the extremes of our dark continent. Certainly our political journey in the last twenty years can claim to share the title of the worst journey in the world beset with endless crevasses, obscured by blizzards, halted by unforeseen hazards. It is something to be able to revive our faith in the spirit of man as unconquerable on even one sort of battlefield. I was particularly glad to learn of the help which Hillary gave in the success of this great scientific journey. Such men as he and Fuchs are indeed undisputed choices for the honour of knighthood, and there should be no jealousies or misunderstandings among, at any rate, the White Knights.

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

**The Brighton Trials.**—The Brighton police trial, ended at last, is a fine example of the impartiality and thoroughness of British justice. That trial is entitled to rank as a "famous trial" (or perhaps "infamous") in length and meticulosity, if not in interest. For life in a thieves' kitchen can be boring. It has hung over us all the winter and its cost all-in must be high, perhaps £20,000. Of those concerned as counsel, it has enhanced some fine reputations (notably Mr. Lawrence's) and reduced none. No doubt this trial must hold the record for the dubious reputations of the vast bulk of the Crown witnesses. Verdicts apart, the trial has not enhanced the reputation of Brighton. Its air may still be pure. The same cannot be said for its underworld. Its crooks are plenty and have had a long rope. It is high time that more strenuous efforts were made to clean up its underworld, and I shall be surprised if the task is not now entrusted to some new brooms wielding new ideas. Brighton's shield is, no doubt, not much more tarnished than that of any other big city in these years of grace, especially when one realises that it is the joy town or dormitory of the world's largest capital. But this trial has spattered it generously with mud, and its respectable citizens will back any efforts to create a purer and brighter Brighton again. Those found guilty have the "excuse" that, unless supported by firm moral leadership, it is easy to succumb to corruption when their work takes them into the society of the corrupt, especially among the now common type who evade taxation by making their wallets their bank and grease their slipways by passing greasy banknotes or advertise their business success by showing the lining of their purses. I should say that a campaign to reduce the number of these tax- and law-evaders is long overdue. Sussex has its full share of such gentry.

**Socialist Policy on Defence.**—An elder statesman has advantages over ambitious politicians who hope to earn that name, which is not always very strictly reserved. He can hit out on all sides without fear or favour, having little to gain or lose. Mr. Shinwell enjoys the title and took advantage of its privileges in the late Defence debate, and he received general applause. If necessity makes strange bedfellows, so does a pea-soup fog. Defence in the nuclear age is a pea-soup fog and it is bound up with Summit talks. The set-to partners of such men as Shinwell, Dulles, Gaitskell and Macmillan, Russell and the young intellectuals, shows what a fog can do to divide and to ally. No doubt it is true that the "Shadow Government" is split on defence and that the party, lacking any sort of united policy on defence, has no *right* to govern. But right is one thing, opportunity another. Mr. Gaitskell may be aware of that and may avoid the agonising appraisement of the pros and cons of surrendering to his tail, which won't have rocket bases at any price, or of accepting them on conditions. He is a shrewd politician and knows his electors, and he may well judge that not one vote in twenty is cast at a by-election or even a General Election on the vital issues of defence or foreign policy, but rather as a general rule on immediate questions affecting individual pockets. An educated electorate is still in the future, and sixpence on income-tax or something off purchase-tax is a far, far better rallying cry than world peace projects or safety measures against total war. People who live under an active volcano are the last to worry about it. They rebuild on ruined sites, but they feel great concern for the price of bricks. So perhaps Mr. Gaitskell may feel that a nebulous policy on defence may keep his party together and that the "price of bricks" may swing the balance in his favour at the next General Election if his party looks solid behind him. For my part, I admit a sneaking sympathy with his "tail," but at the moment of writing I incline to the view that some shrewd election promises concerning the "price of bricks" may well do the trick for him if no major eruption precedes the General Election. For the fruits of Tory high thinking and stern and unpopular measures will be slow to ripen and still look pretty hard and green to-day.

**The Penalties of Greatness.**—Britain's G.O.M. has done it again. If I kept silence during Sir Winston's illness, it was perhaps because I could hardly believe that at his age he could win back to his normal


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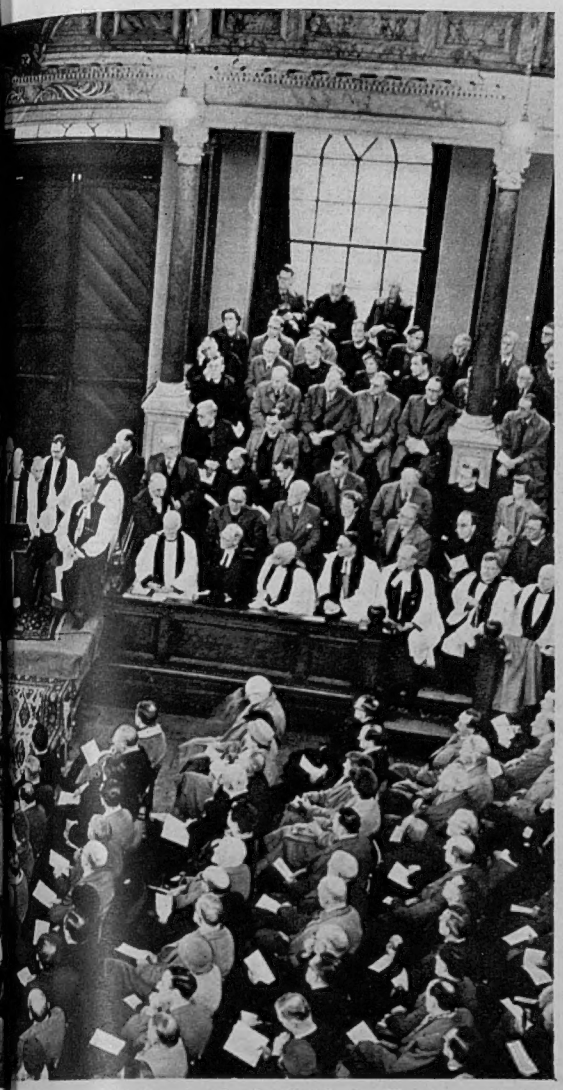
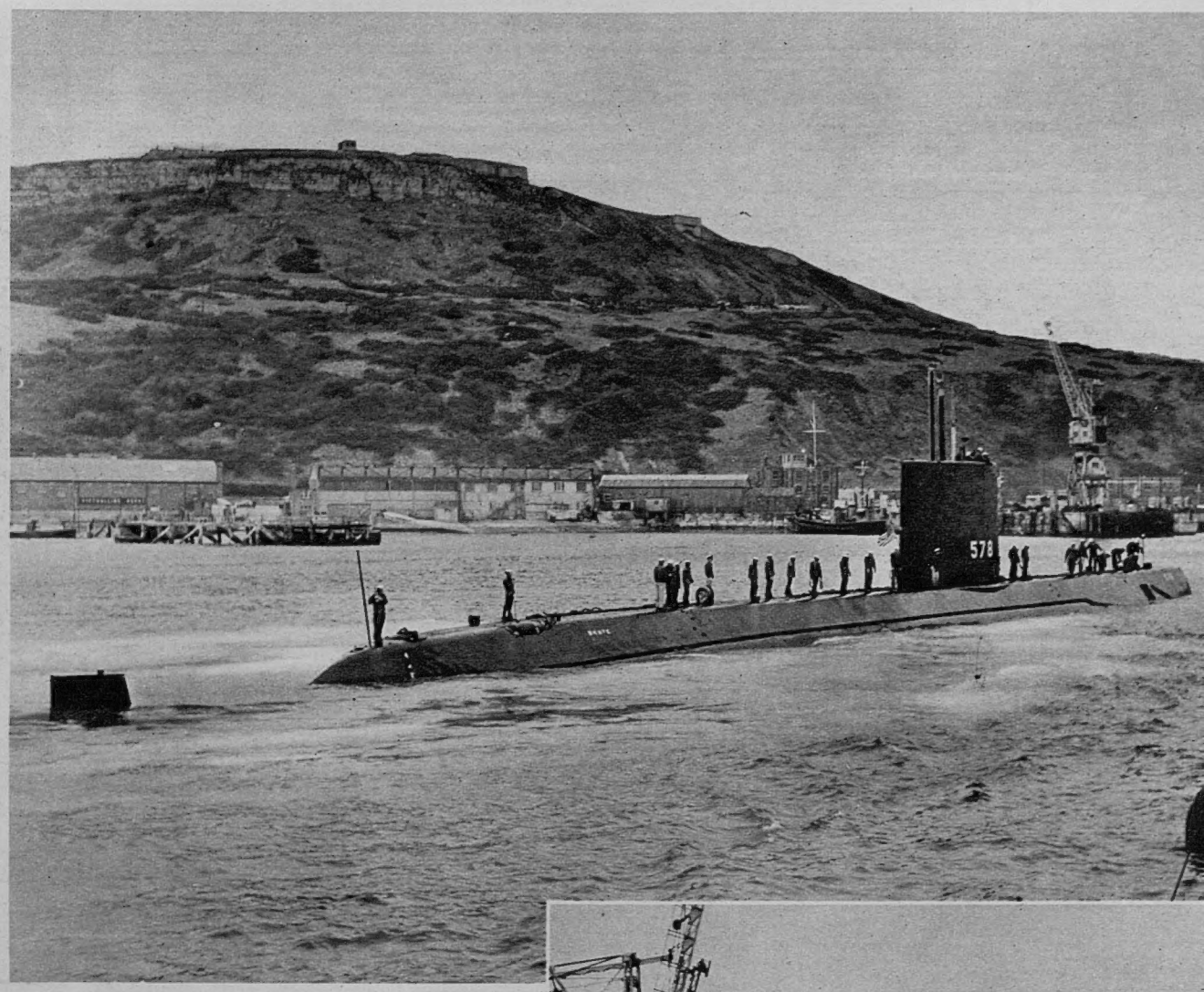


A general view of the scene in the Sheldonian Theatre, at Oxford, representatives of every parish in the diocese. He had called extension in the diocese, especially in the new housing areas.



AMERICA'S NEWEST SUBMARINE MAKES AN UNDERWATER CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC: U.S.S. *Skate*, the third and most modern nuclear-powered U.S. submarine, is seen entering Portland Harbour after crossing the Atlantic submerged in eight days eleven hours. Her average speed has been estimated at 19 knots, which is believed to be a record underwater Atlantic crossing. *Skate* surfaced south of the Lizard. Portland is her first foreign port before going to other ports in Europe.

health and way of life after so serious an illness. But he has given us one more proof of what an unconquerable spirit can do. It is the penalty of greatness or public importance that even the mildest illness must be conquered under the glare of publicity. Like Dr. Daly of the *Sorcerer* in his curate days, when such a V.I.P. coughs, " all thought the end was near." Such concern, with frequent bulletins, delays the return to health of lesser men. But V.I.P.s, active or in retirement, take it in their stride. Mr. Eisenhower seems positively to enjoy the trembling of " half his parish " when he looks pale, and he accepts it philosophically that a visit to the dentist must be as much a matter of public interest as his shooting or golfing holidays are matters of criticism. There is something to be said for being a mute inglorious Milton. At least one has a private bedroom, even if a doctor is too busy under the Health Service to attend it.

**Improving Stonehenge.**—Perhaps it was the unfortunate coincidence of receipt of a circular from the Ministry of Housing, urging on local authorities the utmost economy in expenditure, which induced the Salisbury City Council to protest against the proposal to re-erect some of the fallen stones at Stonehenge. The cost, estimated at £10,000, would, it said, build half a dozen old peoples homes in Salisbury. The Council's rates, anyway, are raised to 18s. in the pound. Whitehall's habit of not letting its right hand know what its left hand doeth is proverbial. Well, I 'm all for amenity, since utility is usually subtopian, and any money spent on preserving Stonehenge within reason is money well spent. The fallen stones must be raised by modern means, since the secrets of their first raising are lost. If they are to be propped up with metal bars and cement, I should judge that an example in economy from Whitehall would pay better. The monument in its fallen grandeur is impressive enough for me. There is always the risk that the Whitehall mentality will not resist the temptation to " improve " it to the neat and hideous pattern of a council house block. The argument of the exciting work done at Avebury hardly applies to Stonehenge, whose mystery and majesty Time has not obliterated but enhanced.

**Stocks or Stockings ?**—It is not so long ago that the great recession in the prices of popular equities and gilt-edged began, and since then they have fallen like Lucifer. Never to rise again ? Now, it seems, all depends on whether the American trade recession is a slump or a mere readjustment. And no wizard can give us a confident lead. So we are advised, if we have any spare cash, to leave it in a stocking and not dream just yet of getting in again " on the ground floor." My own favourite among those popular industrial equities stood at 38s. per 5s. share when the fall began, and for months past I had received from the chairman glowing " newsletters " about our company's prospects of expansion and further profits. When the shares had dropped to 21s., on the strength of those glowing reports I felt the time had come to increase my holding. To-day they stand at 14s. 6d. I am not depressed. No doubt they will rise again somewhat, since their products are valuable in many fields of endeavour. But I wonder how the chairman feels when he re-reads his glowing " newsletters " of quite recent months. In other words, when times are good, are the prices to which such equities may soar purely artificial and haywire, based on nothing but the optimism induced by good times, taking no note of the ups and downs of prosperity and slump, advance and recession, over-production and surfeit ? I have a feeling that when our " newsletters " are resumed (if ever they are), a new note of caution will be found in them. For memory in the City, if short, usually survives until the next boom fades out its warnings.

**Uninhibited Trade Advertisement.**—From an Old Curiosity Shop in Falmouth came to me some examples of trade and other signs displayed by our ancestors in country districts about the time of the Reform Bill. They show how refreshingly liberal they were over rules of spelling and how very fiercely individualistic and unfettered by bureaucracy was the average citizen.

**Beware of Man-traps and Spring Guns.**
TAKE NOTICE. ALL PERSONS TRESPASSING IN THIS ORCHARD WILL BE SHOT BY ORDER OF PATRICK CRONAN.

Bibles, Bellows, and Boots, Godly bukes and grinding-stones, Trousers, Testaments and Tea-kettles, everything bought and sold here except treacle. Best prices given for whalebone staze.
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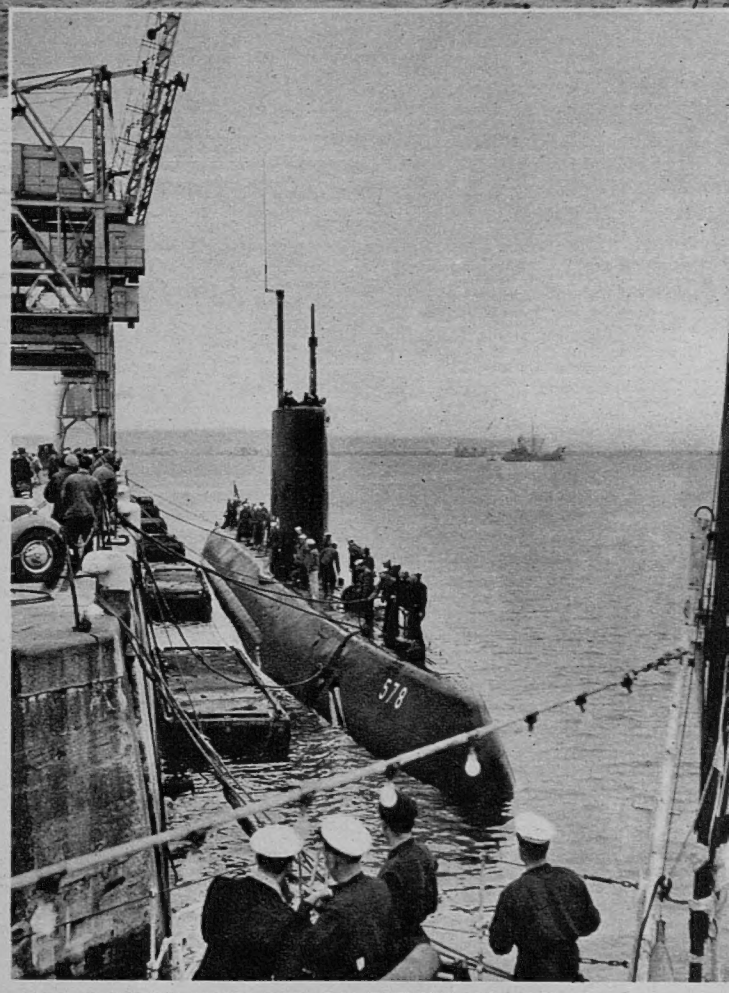
Sekond hand cloes to make 'ee tidy,
Crox and kittles, pans and all,
And godly bukes to save your sole.
Man-traps, gins and pattens likewise
And Saturday nights Hot Mutton Pies.

**After the Blizzard.**—As Buchan's or Nature's cold periods succeed one another, local methods and efforts to cope with snowdrifts and road chaos usually improve and quicken—to be forgotten before next year in the south. What we in the more gentle climates of Britain have learned from these visitations this winter is the new havoc caused by the practice of cutting away field hedges to ground-level. Gone is the shelter that cattle so badly need, and on all the by-roads formerly protected by hedges 5-ft. drifts completely blocked lanes and by-roads which never before had been so affected. With the result that the more sheltered southern counties began to share the discomforts of Yorkshire or the open country to the north. Presumably the farmers know what they are about. Amenity is not their concern. The sacrifice of wild cherries and crabs and many other pleasant country joys, or the conveniences of partridges are not to be weighed in the balance with efficient farming, but it certainly seems to me that the cattle suffer from the loss of hedgerow shelter, and that much unprofitable work is caused by that loss of shelter, although, perhaps, when strict farm work is brought to a standstill, the men may as well turn out to remove unnecessary snowdrifts.

THE OLD STAGER



U.S.S. " SKATE " MAKES FAST AT PORTLAND: The call at Portland was made during the submarine's shake-down cruise. The 2,190 ton *Skate* is much smaller than the *Nautilus*, America's first nuclear submarine.

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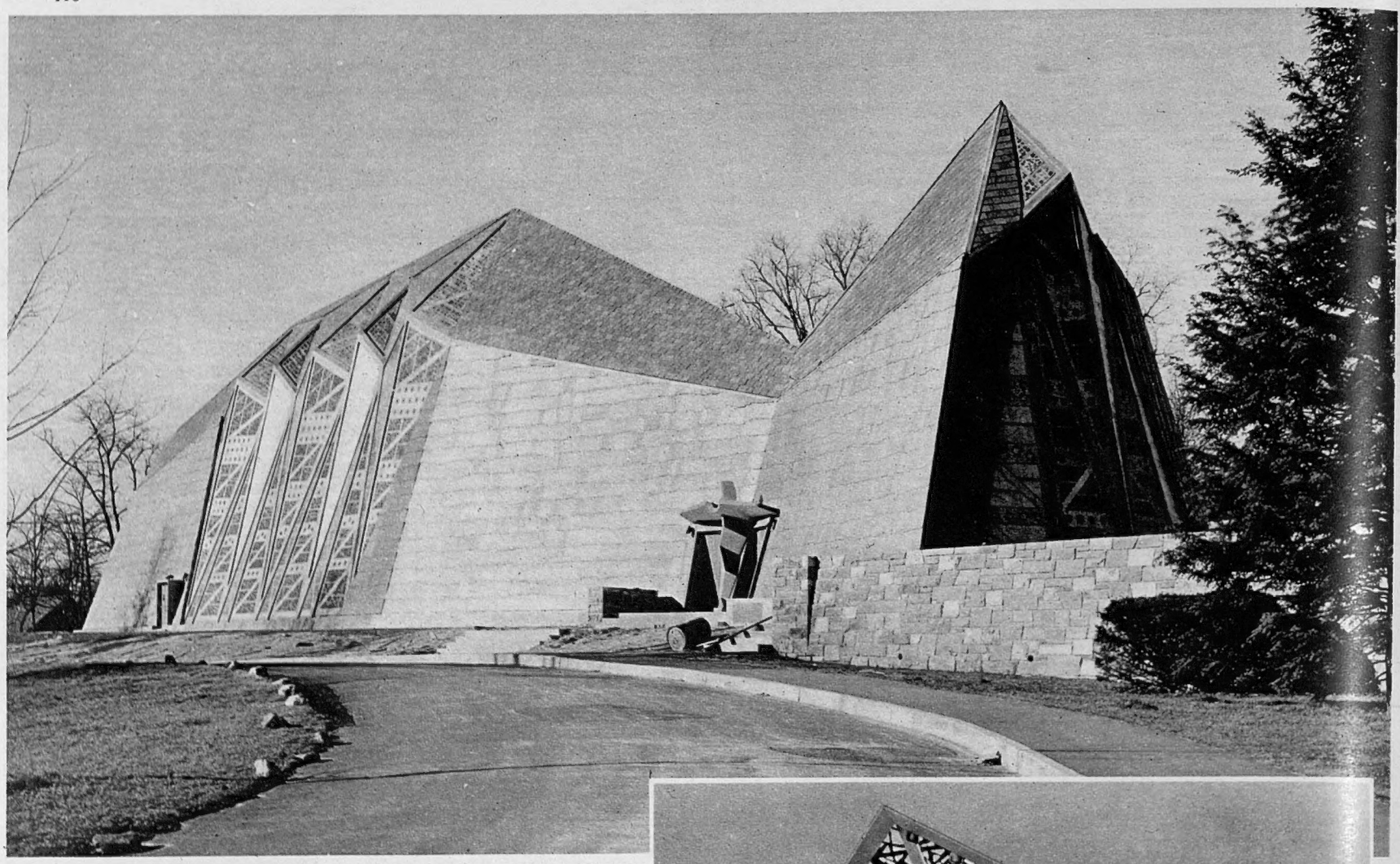
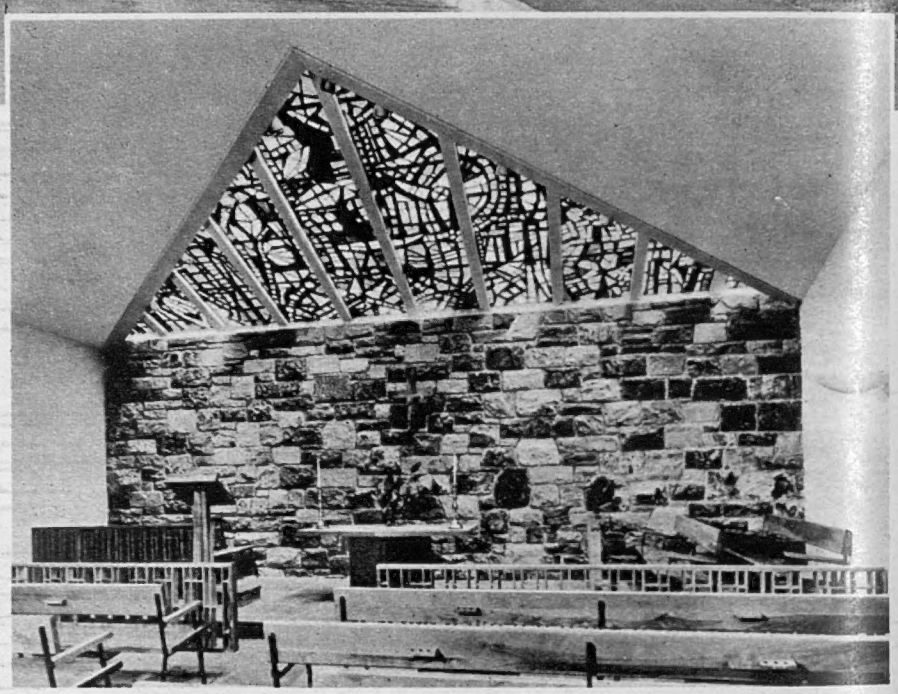


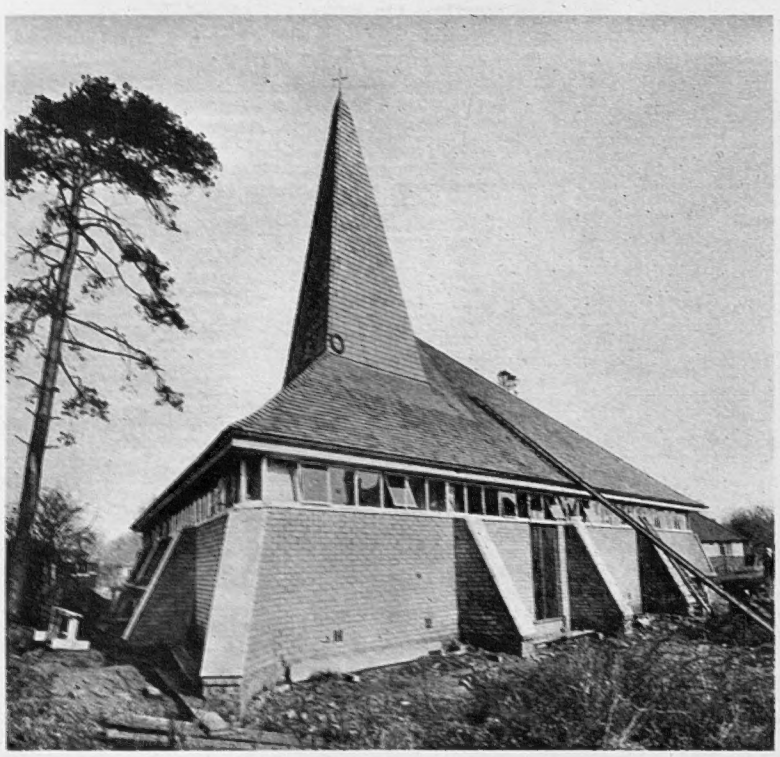
**AN ANCIENT CHRISTIAN SYMBOL IS ADOPTED FOR A MODERN DESIGN IN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE:** This is part of the six-storey-high First Presbyterian Church which has been built at Stamford, in Connecticut, U.S.A. It has been designed in the shape of a giant fish—an ancient symbol of Christianity—and covers two-thirds of an acre. In addition to the chapel there are classrooms, a fellowship hall, administrative offices, library and a lounge. The great sloping walls of the building are formed partly of stained-glass (from Chartres, in France) embedded in precast concrete and steel frames. The new church has been designed by Wallace E. Harrison, the architect of the United Nations Headquarters and many of New York's skyscrapers.

# NEW SHAPES FOR CHURCHES

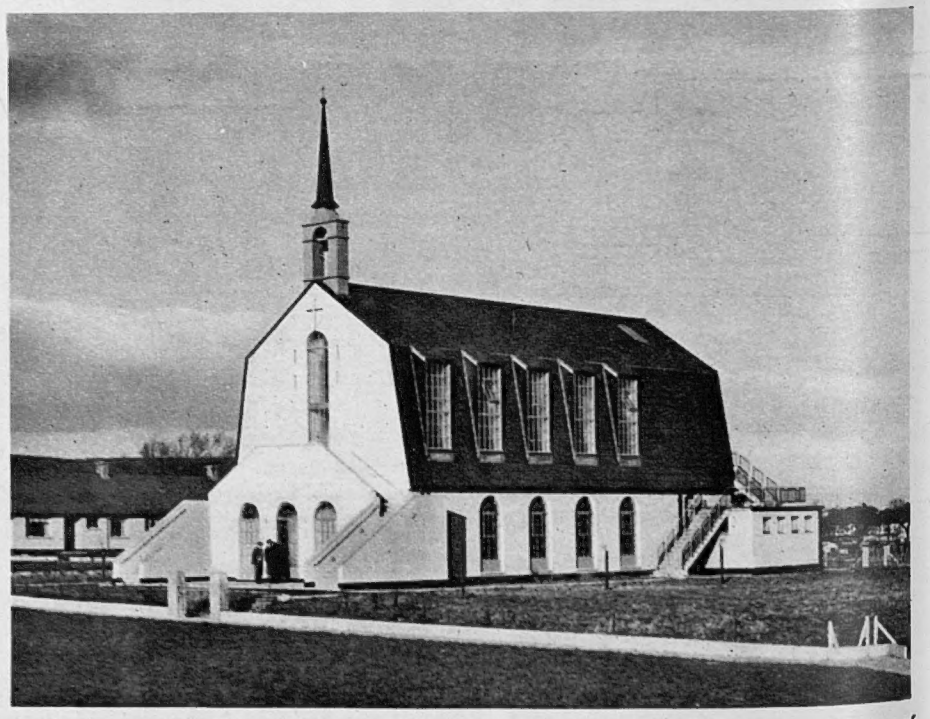
*Unfamiliar Designs for New Buildings on Both Sides of the Atlantic*



*On right—*
**INSIDE THE GREAT FISH-SHAPED CHURCH:** The view shows the altar of the chapel of the parish unit of the church, which is dominated by the stained-glass window in the roof. The glass sections of the building have been designed by Gabriel Loire, a stained-glass artist of Chartres. The dedication of the fish-shaped church was arranged for last Sunday.



**A TRIANGULAR-SHAPED CHURCH FOR HERTFORDSHIRE:** Work is now almost complete on the new Holy Trinity Church which is being erected at North Bushey, near Watford. The church is being built to an original geometrical design and is triangular in shape. Even the spire, dominated by its cross, is triangular. The windows are situated immediately below the roof. The first service in the new church has been arranged for Easter Day (April 6).



**A DOUBLE-DECKER CHURCH FOR NORTHERN IRELAND:** The parish church of St. Comgall is one of the architectural features of Northern Ireland's first "new town" which is to be created on April 1 when Belfast Rural District becomes the new Urban District of Newtownabbet. St. Comgall's is on the Rathcoole estate, which has been developed since the war and forms the largest part of the new town. It is a "double-decker" building which incorporates a hall on the ground floor with the church above; each having a seating capacity of about 400. Designed by Mr. Denis O'D. Hanna, of Belfast, St. Comgall's, with its adaptation of the Mansard roof, has cost £15,000. This is a low figure for a permanent church building.

# The News in Pictures

*On right—*

**TOWNS ISOLATED AFTER SEVERE STORMS IN NEW ZEALAND: An aerial view of the town of Otorohanga, situated on the banks of the Waikato River, New Zealand, showing the great extent of recent flooding throughout the area. The storm which swept across the centre of North Island left a trail of heavy damage in its wake. Some of the rivers rose from between 16 and 20 ft. in a few hours.** The upper reaches of the Waikato and Waipapa Rivers were in full flood and all hands were called out to help save the partially-built hydro-electric station at Waipapa from flooding. In the centre of North Island towns were completely isolated. In addition, homes and shops were flooded and had to be abandoned. Many bridges were swept away. At Otorohanga, the entire population of 1,500 had to be evacuated. The hotel at Kaitaia, where the Queen Mother had luncheon, was flooded to a depth of 12 ft.

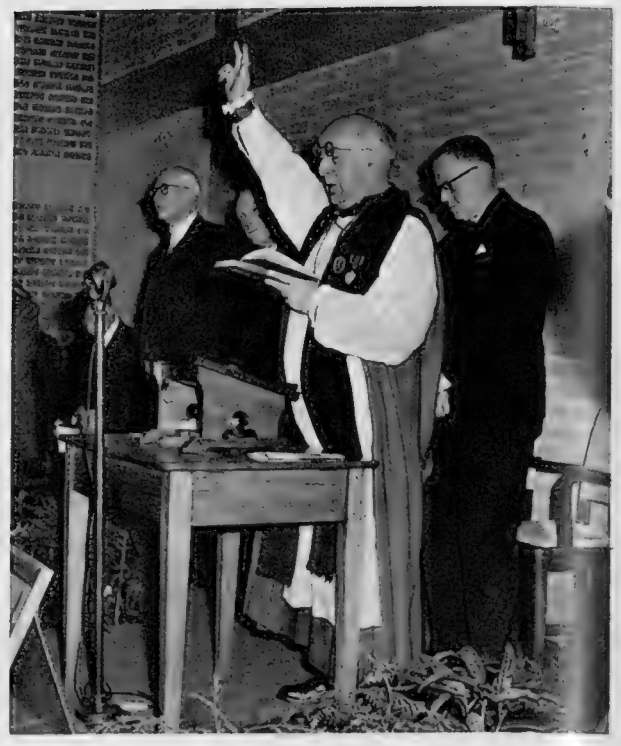
*Below—*

**VILLAGES SNOWBOUND AGAIN: The camera looks down on the wintry scene at St. Austell Bay, in Cornwall, showing the surrounding fields blanketed with snow as a result of another blizzard which swept the country last week-end, paralysing traffic in many areas and disrupting sport. One of the areas worst affected by the blizzard was Yorkshire, where snowplough crews worked all day to keep main roads open. A number of North Riding villages were cut off for the second time in a few weeks.**

**A TRAIN EXPLOSION IN AMERICA: An aerial view of the railway yards at Shattuch, Oklahoma, showing wreckage strewn over the tracks after six tank cars filled with petrol exploded and burst into flames. As a result of the explosion, 33 of the 142 cars of the freight train were derailed. No one was injured. Heavy lifting gear was used to clear the track.**

**AN EVEREST CLIMBER IN GREECE: Sherpa Tensing Norkay, one of the climbers of Everest, stands on the Acropolis, in Athens, with two daughters and a niece. The famous guide had travelled to Greece for the presentation of a diploma from the President of the Greek Alpine Club proclaiming him an honorary member. Since the ascent of Everest, Tensing has spent much of his time at his home at Darjeeling looking after the contents of his large estate and giving occasional lectures on mountaineering. Last year, however, he led a group of Himalayan mountaineering veterans to the top of the 7,000-ft.-high Paganella peak, in the Dolomites, by way of the "Oirettissima," the hardest route.**

## THE NEWS IN PICTURES



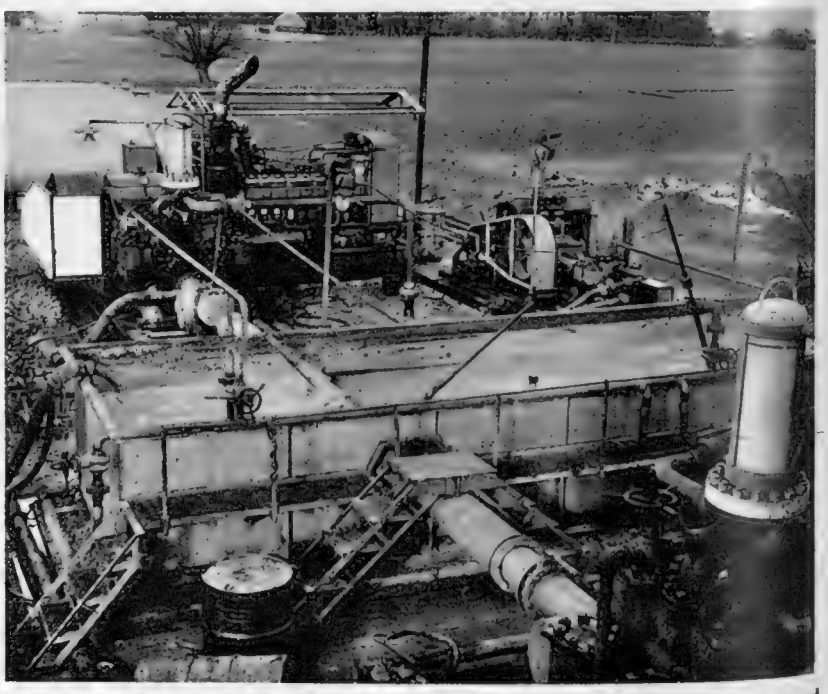
**A NEW Y.M.C.A. BUILDING IS OPENED AT CROYDON, IN SURREY:** *Left*—A general view of the building in Wellesley Road, which was opened and dedicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury (seen in the picture *on right*) last Saturday. The new building is part of the Greater London Plan of the Y.M.C.A. movement to provide a ring of residential Y.M.C.A.s to meet the increasing need of the thousands of young men who come to London from the provinces and abroad for work and study.

The new Y.M.C.A. building at Croydon, which has been erected at a cost of £170,000, including site and furnishings, has eighty-two bedrooms, a large restaurant, gymnasium and club-rooms and is to cater for the youth of the town as well as resident members. A central feature of the building is the chapel, which is a reminder of the spiritual basis of the Young Men's Christian Association. In its construction all the sections of the building have a conventional reinforced concrete frame. Inside the five-storey dormitory block each bed-sitting-room has its own built-in cupboard, bookshelves, metered power-point radiator and wash-basin.

The Greater London Plan of the movement to provide a ring of hostels will cost £1,000,000. It will include four new buildings as well as allowing for the extension and modernisation of eight others, giving from 800 to 900 additional beds. The hostel at Croydon has been built by the firm of Grace and Marsh Ltd.

**STRIKES IN AMERICA AND IN FRANCE:** *Left*—**A workroom is deserted in a garment-making establishment in New York. The reason for this was the strike of garment workers called last week in seven Eastern states of America.** Nearly 105,000 members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union were involved in the stoppage for higher wages and better contracts. Dress production was affected for an important time of year, the busy Easter season, but there were hopes that the dispute would soon be solved by arbitration. *Right*—Platforms are empty and trains are immobilised at the Gare St. Lazare, Paris, during the 24-hour strike on the French railways on Friday of last week.

**OIL FROM THE SAHARA FOR FRANCE: The first cargo of oil from the Hassi Messaoud oil wells is piped into a tanker at Philippeville. The valves to allow the flow of the oil into the ship had been formally opened by M. Robert Lacoste, the Minister for Algeria. Hassi Messaoud is north-west of Edjele, close to the border of Algeria with Libya. The route for the oil by pipeline and railway is very exposed to Algerian Nationalist operations.**



**SEARCHING FOR OIL NEAR PARIS: The installation which includes pumps and a mud tank has been set up at Meaux, twenty-five miles to the north-east of the capital of France. Technicians of the Institut Français du Petrole are responsible for the experimental operations. They are reported to have found a stratum of oil-bearing rock at a depth of 6,135 ft. and to have drawn about 100 cub. ft. of oil.**

## THE NEWS IN PICTURES

**"GOOD OFFICES" OFFICIALS IN PARIS:** M. Gaillard (centre), the French Prime Minister, shakes hands with Mr. Robert Murphy, United States Under-Secretary of State. Mr. Harold Beeley, an Assistant Under-Secretary at the British Foreign Office, looks on. Mr. Murphy and Mr. Beeley had called on the French Premier in their efforts to use Anglo-American "good offices" in the French-Tunisian dispute.

**A CARDINAL CALLS ON THE BISHOP OF PRATO:** Cardinal Dalla Costa (left), the Archbishop of Florence, talks with Monsignor Fiordelli, the Bishop of Prato, at the latter's residence in Northern Italy. A few days previously, the Bishop had been found guilty by a court in Florence of defaming the characters of Signor and Signora Bellandi. He had said in a pastoral letter that they were "public sinners living in concubinage" after a civil marriage. The case has caused a bitter controversy between Church and State in Italy. Although the Bishop did not attend the court, refusing to recognise its jurisdiction in the case, it is understood that an appeal will be made on his behalf, if he does not object.

**THE COURT FOR AN EGYPTIAN TREASON TRIAL IS SWORN-IN:** Members of the military tribunal in Cairo place their hands on the Koran. They were about to try a number of persons accused of a Royalist conspiracy against the Government.

*On left—*

**WITNESSES IN THE "ROYALIST CONSPIRACY" CASE:** Sitting in court in Cairo are, from the left, Essamedine Khalil, an officer in the Egyptian Air Force; George Georgiou, Farid Shaker, Prince Abdel Moneim, and his wife, Princess Nazli Shah. They were expected to give evidence in the trial.

**RENAISSANCE DAY IN AMMAN:** King Hussein of Jordan takes the salute at a military parade in his capital. *On right*—Anti-aircraft guns are drawn through the streets watched by a large crowd, many spectators being on the roofs or perched on the hillside. The annual Renaissance Day marks the anniversary of the date in 1916 when Hussein Ibn Ali raised the standard of revolt among the Arabs against the Turkish Empire. He proclaimed the independence of Arabia and repudiated the Ottoman rule. After campaigning with the Allies he was recognised as King of the Hedjaz. One of his sons, Abdullah, became first King of Transjordan and another, Feisal, ruler of Iraq. Renaissance Day this year also celebrated the newly-created Federation of Jordan and Iraq.

## THE NEWS IN PICTURES

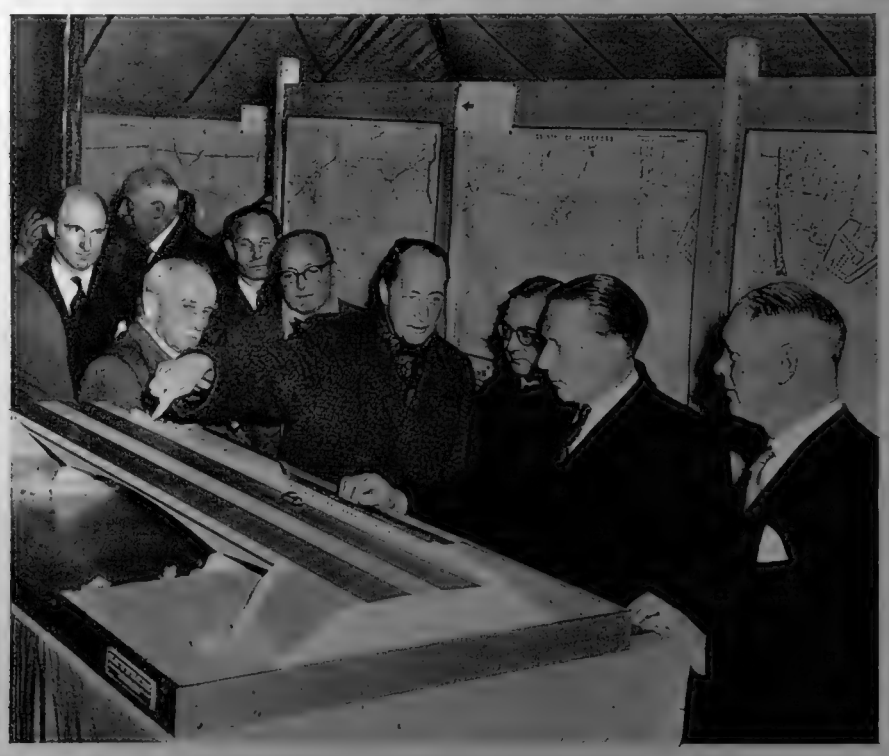
**A COLLISION BETWEEN TWO TRAINS AT CROYDON: Rescue workers assist in clearing the track at Gloucester Road junction, near Croydon, in Surrey, after a collision between the 9.41 parcels steam train from Brighton to London and the 12.55 suburban passenger electric train from West Croydon to Victoria.** Injuries were confined to six people, two of them children. The collision occurred when the parcels train, travelling in the same direction, ran into the third of the four coaches of the suburban train, toppling it over.

**THE DAMAGED TRAINS: The rear coach of the passenger train is leaning at an angle after the impact. The next coach has toppled over, the only one to do so. Lifting gear was used to clear the track.**

*On right—*

**A FIRE-ENGINE IN COLLISION WITH A "BLOOD BANK" VAN: The fire-engine crashed through a fence along Deansbrook Road, Edgware, and rolled down an embankment before coming to a halt. It had been in collision with a "blood bank" van from the Central Middlesex Hospital.**

**THE WRECKED HOSPITAL VAN: Of the five people injured, three, all occupants of the van, were taken to hospital. First-aid was administered to two firemen in the fire-engine. Neither vehicle was on a duty emergency run.**



**THE NEW ROSS SPUR MOTORWAY INAUGURATED: Mr. Watkinson, second from right, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, looks at a model of the proposed bridge over the River Wye during his visit to Herefordshire to inaugurate the new Ross Spur motorway. It will provide a quicker and safer route between the industrial Midlands and South Wales. At the eastern end it will connect with the Worcester-Gloucester trunk road north of Tewkesbury and it will form part of an artery leading on to Swansea, Neath, and Port Talbot via a reconstructed "Heads of the Valleys" road.**

**NEW EXCAVATIONS IN THE CITY OF LONDON: Mr. G. R. Faulkner, a works foreman (foreground), and Mr. McGee, one of the workmen, prepare to dig near a newly-discovered wall on the site of the Brewers' Hall, in Addle Street, London, E.C. It is thought that evidence regarding later history of the Roman fort in the City—discovered eight years ago—will be revealed as a result of the present excavations which are continuing under the personal direction of Professor W. F. Grimes. In addition to the wall, a fireplace and floor have been uncovered.**

# Failure of Explorer II

*America's Second Satellite Fails to Go into Orbit*

The story of Explorer II was one of great hope dashed into bitter disappointment. Like its predecessor, Explorer I, still circling through space, the new satellite was to be carried by a Jupiter-C rocket, missile and satellite comprising together four stages. The United States Army was responsible for the launching from Cape Canaveral Test Centre.

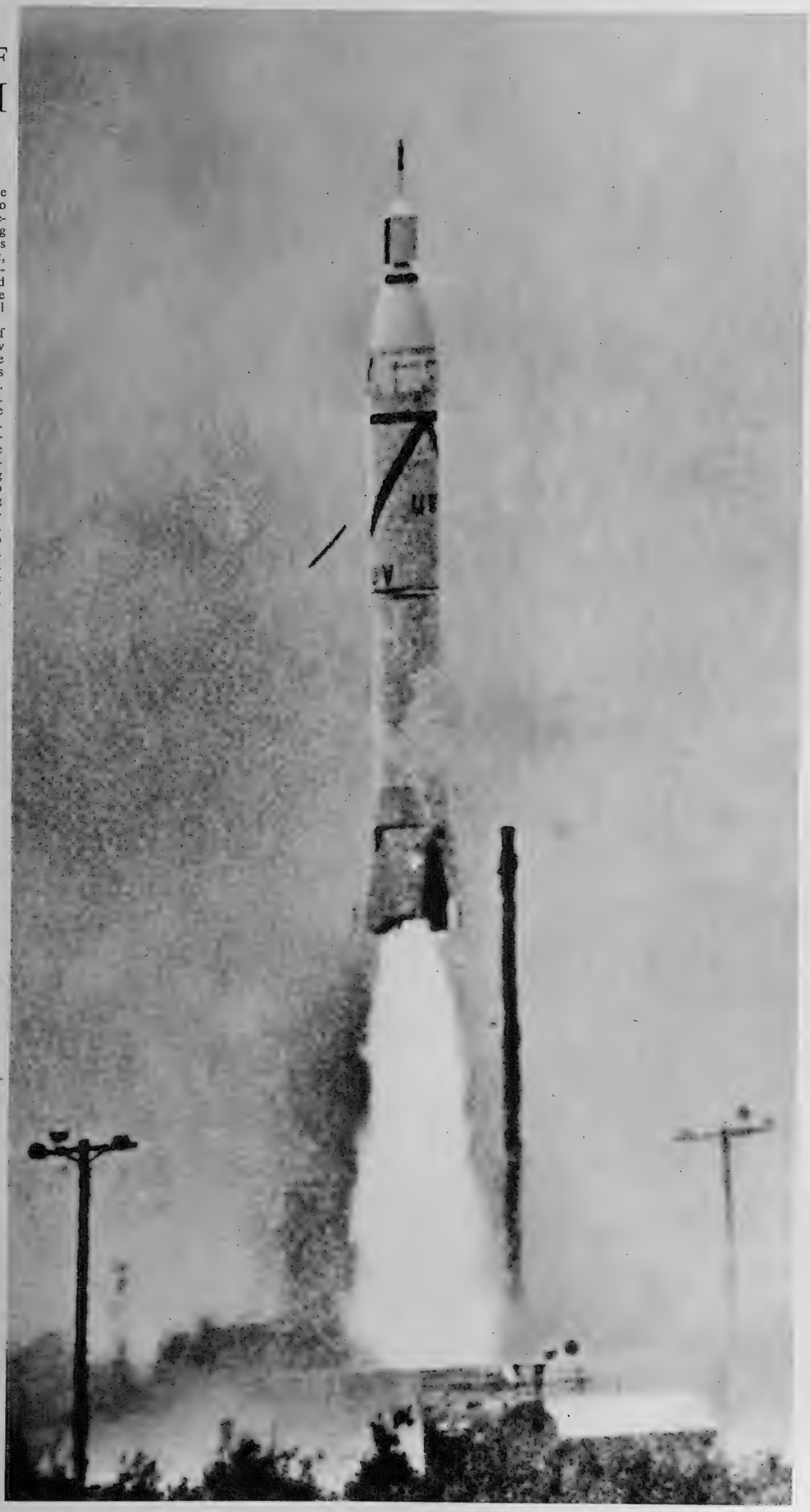
Possibly there was an omen of what was to come when a few minutes before the launching the tape recorder in the satellite was found not to be functioning properly. Its task was to record cosmic rays. Last-minute adjustments were thought to have righted the trouble.

The launching routine was carried out to perfection and after the count-down the Jupiter rose majestically towards the heavens, emitting flames from its base. Up and up went the missile and the launching crew had every reason to congratulate themselves. At 5,000 ft. it disappeared into cloud—and into silence. At first the tracking station was under the impression that it was receiving messages from the satellite's radio, but technicians soon found this was an error. So began a great mystery. Where was Explorer II and what had happened to it?

Many theories were advanced, one being that atmospheric conditions had confused the radio signals, and another that there were defects in the radio which had not been spotted and put right, as had occurred with the tape recorder. But as time went by, the feeling grew that the satellite was not in orbit. Dr. Wernher von Braun, the former German V2 expert who is now in charge of Jupiter construction, gave it as his opinion that the fourth and last stage had failed. This was confirmed on the following day by an official Army statement.

It said that the automatic ignition system failed to ignite the last stage after all the previous stages had functioned perfectly. The reason for the failure would probably be very difficult to determine. The lack of ignition meant that the rocket did not drive the satellite up to the speed of 18,000 miles per hour needed to put it into orbit around the earth. Army sources considered that it had therefore behaved like an ordinary surface-to-surface missile and probably burned up on re-entering the atmosphere at a range of approximately 1,900 miles.

Naturally there was great disappointment at Cape Canaveral, but scientists and technicians immediately started making preparations for sending up another Explorer, and it was expected that they might make another attempt in the very near future. Besides the Army's activities, there was talk of the Navy having another try with the Vanguard, which failed in its earlier efforts to reach space.



*On right—*

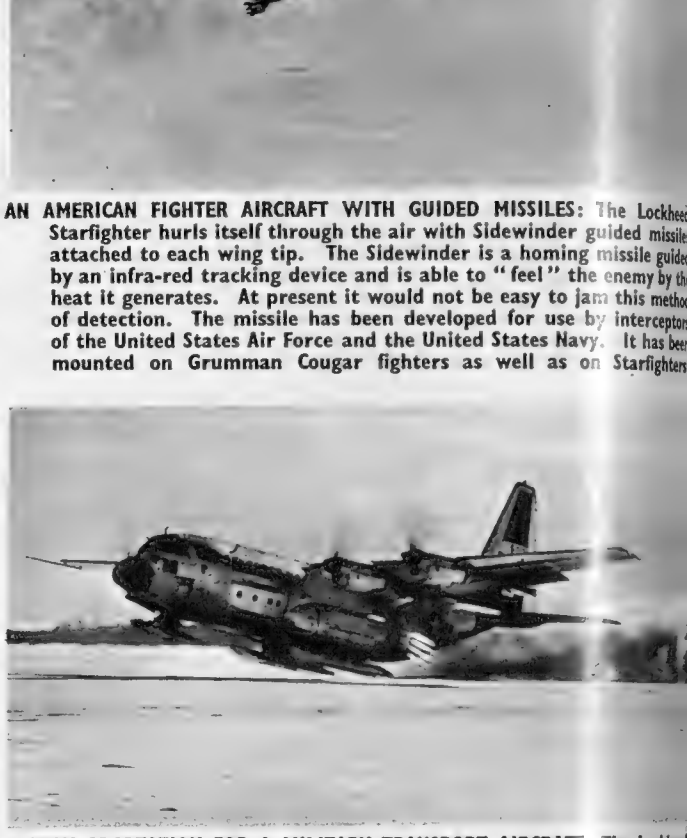
**OFF TO A GOOD START—THEN SILENCE: The Jupiter-C rocket carrying Explorer II, the second American space satellite, shoots away from its launching base at the United States Test Centre at Cape Canaveral, in Florida. The launch on Wednesday of last week went according to plan, but when Explorer II disappeared through clouds at 5,000 ft. all trace of its course was lost. No signals were received from its wireless equipment, and the following day it was admitted the satellite was not in orbit but had probably burned up.**

# HORIZONTAL AND VERTICAL FLIGHT

*Development and Experiment in the World's Aircraft of To-day*

**A NEW BRITISH TURBO-PROP FOR LOCAL-SERVICE ROUTES:** A Handley Page Dart Herald waits to start its ground tests at the firm's works at Woodley Aerodrome, near Reading, in Berkshire. The turbo-jet prototype is an adaptation of the Handley Page Leonides (piston engine) Herald. The new airliner is powered by two Rolls-Royce Dart Mk. 527 turbo-prop engines. The design of the latest manifestation of this aeroplane should provide the speed, smoothness and reliability of turbo-prop flight on local-service air routes in any part of the world. The Dart Herald can carry forty-three passengers or over 4½ tons of freight, or a combination of passengers and freight, at cruising speeds of around 275 m.p.h. *Below*—Another view of the airliner on the ground at Woodley.

**AN AMERICAN FIGHTER AIRCRAFT WITH GUIDED MISSILES:** The Lockheed Starfighter hurls itself through the air with Sidewinder guided missiles attached to each wing tip. The Sidewinder is a homing missile guided by an infra-red tracking device and is able to "feel" the enemy by the heat it generates. At present it would not be easy to jam this method of detection. The missile has been developed for use by interceptors of the United States Air Force and the United States Navy. It has been mounted on Grumman Cougar fighters as well as on Starfighters



**A NEW ADAPTATION FOR A MILITARY TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT:** The Lockheed C-130A Hercules sends up a spray of snow as it takes off from the frozen Upper Red Lake, Minnesota. The wheel-ski landing gear is ideal for Arctic operation. The set of three skis are sprung to provide 18 ins. of upward and downward pitch at each end and have a bearing surface of Teflon plastic to reduce friction and resist the adhesion of the ice.

**A HELICOPTER AIR-LIFT PROVES SAFER, FASTER AND CHEAPER THAN A PACK MULE:** The Alouette II, a French-designed helicopter, being assembled and marketed in Great Britain by Republic Aviation, lifts electronic equipment to the almost inaccessible peak of Roof Butte Mountain (altitude 9,575 ft.), in North-East Arizona. The Alouette II, which established a world's altitude record for helicopters last year, was used in the spectacular rescue of mountain climbers from Mont Blanc.

**ORDERED IN QUANTITY FOR THE U.S. ARMY:** In 1955 the Bell Helicopter Corporation won a Army competition for the development of a utility helicopter to be suitable for front-line evacuation of casualties, general utility missions and as an instrument trainer. Known as the XH-40, the aircraft is powered by a Lycoming T53 free power shaft turbine which develops 825 s.h.p. and is capable of running on a wide variety of fuels, including JP-4, all-purpose automotive, aviation spirit and kerosene. Its maximum speed is 152 miles per hour

**BRITAIN'S THREE V-CLASS BOMBERS : An air-to-air picture showing the Vickers Valiant (foreground), the Avro Vulcan (centre) and the Handley Page Victor (background). The Valiant is a four-jet high-performance swept-wing bomber, powered by four Rolls-Royce Avon turbojet engines which can be supplemented for take-off by two de Havilland Super Sprite liquid-propellent rocket motors situated in jettisonable under-wing pods. The Vulcan is the first jet bomber to employ the delta wing configuration.** The first prototype, with four Rolls-Royce Avon turbojet engines, flew in 1952, but it was later fitted with four Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire engines. A second prototype, powered by four Bristol Olympus turbojet engines, made its initial flight in 1953. The Victor four-jet bomber employs the "crescent wing" in which the angle of sweep of each wing is progressively decreased from root to tip, with the outer sections only slightly swept. This configuration was evolved to meet a specification which called not only for operation at high subsonic speeds at altitude over very long ranges, but also good control over the whole speed range, particularly at the approach and landing.

*On left—*

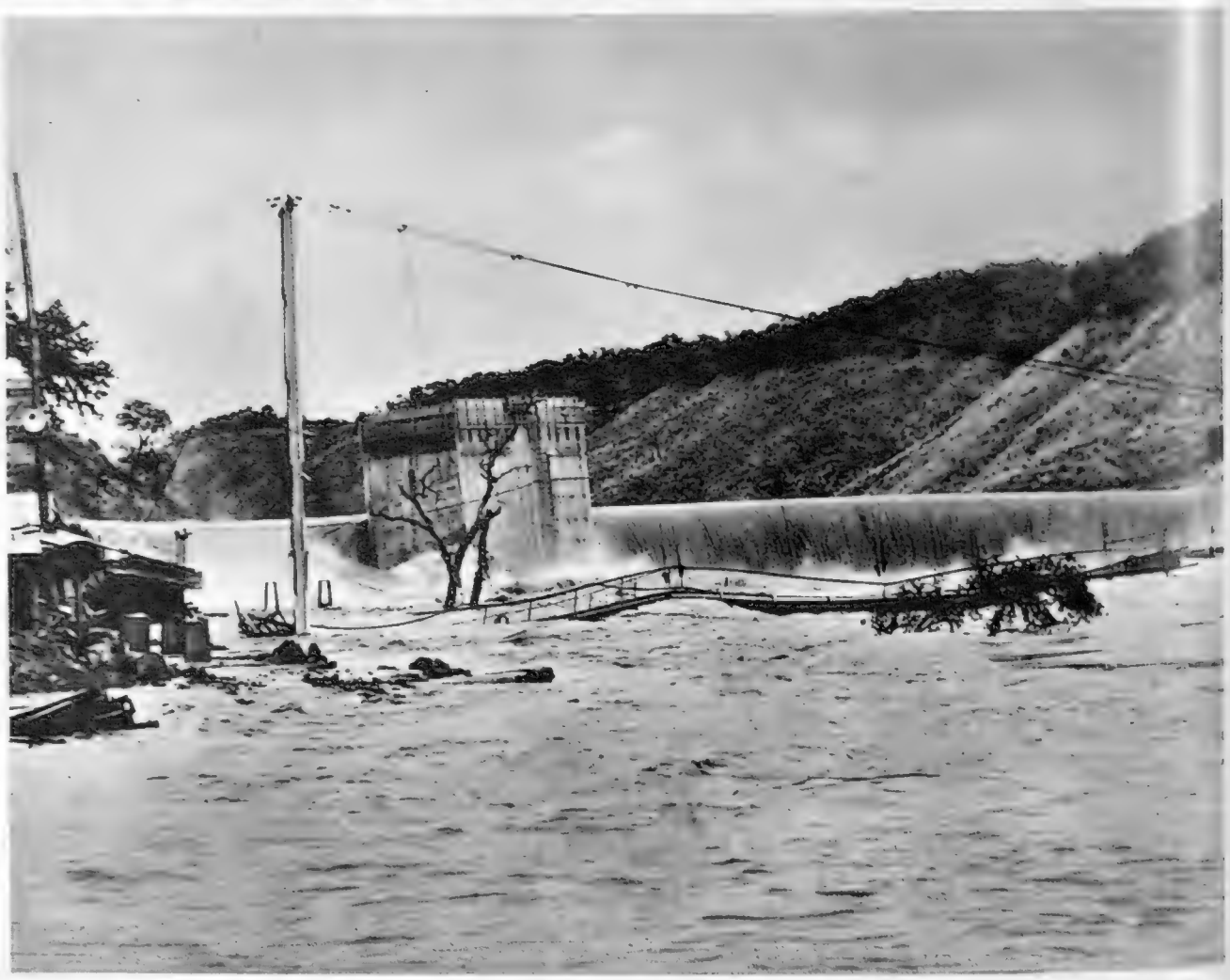
**A JET FIGHTER FROM SWEDEN:** The Saab-35A Draken single-seat jet-fighter, which has a high supersonic speed, has been designed mainly to intercept bombers in the transonic speed range. It carries full radar equipment to accomplish this under all weather conditions. The Draken is of the "double delta" configuration, developed exclusively in Sweden, which provides relatively large space for the fuel, armament and equipment in combination with low structure weight, low drag and a high air intake efficiency.

**THE CIRCULAR COFFERDAM IN THE KARIBA GORGE IS SWAMPED BY THE ZAMBEZI FLOODWATERS : A general view of the scene at the site of the £80,000,000 hydro-electric power project at the beginning of the month as the Zambezi floodwaters reached a new record height.** Water is pouring over the top of the upstream wall of the cofferdam, inside which workmen have been laying the foundations for the main dam. Since the rains began in November the Zambezi river has risen more than 100 ft. at the site of the Kariba project. It has been forecast that the present floods might possibly be the biggest in the history of Rhodesia.

# KARIBA FLOODED

*The Cofferdam is Swamped and the Suspension Bridge is Damaged*

*On right—*



**AN ADDITIONAL SETBACK AT KARIBA : The suspension bridge at the dam site twists and turns after being severely damaged by the floodwaters.** At the north end the supporting tower collapsed and crashed into the raging river carrying the bridge with it. With the bridge out of action, the only means of communication between the two banks was by Blondin cables. The Kariba project, which has been described as the biggest man-made dam in the world, is due to be completed by 1961.

THE HOME OF A WORLD-FAMOUS CHEESE: Cars and a bus stand in the square of Gruyères, in Switzerland. In the background is the castle which once belonged to the Counts of Gruyères. This view of the little town which has given its name to the local cheese of world-wide fame was taken by J. Allan Cash. It is one of the 150 photographs in his forthcoming exhibition, "Travel With Your Camera," at Kodak House, in London. It starts next Wednesday, March 19, and remains open until April 3.

# TRAVELLING WITH A CAMERA

*Pictures from the Forthcoming Exhibition in London of the Work of* J. ALLAN CASH, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

J. Allan Cash needs no introduction to readers of THE SPHERE. He is one of the leading British photographers and his pictures have often appeared in our pages. Next week, on Wednesday, March 19, an exhibition of Mr. Cash's work starts in London at Kodak House, in Kingsway. It will remain open until Thursday, April 3. The opening ceremony will be performed on the evening of March 18 by Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, the High Commissioner for India. It is fitting that the representative of a somewhat distant land should do this. For Mr. Cash has ranged far and wide over the world in search of photographic subjects and the title for his exhibition "Travel With Your Camera" could not be bettered.

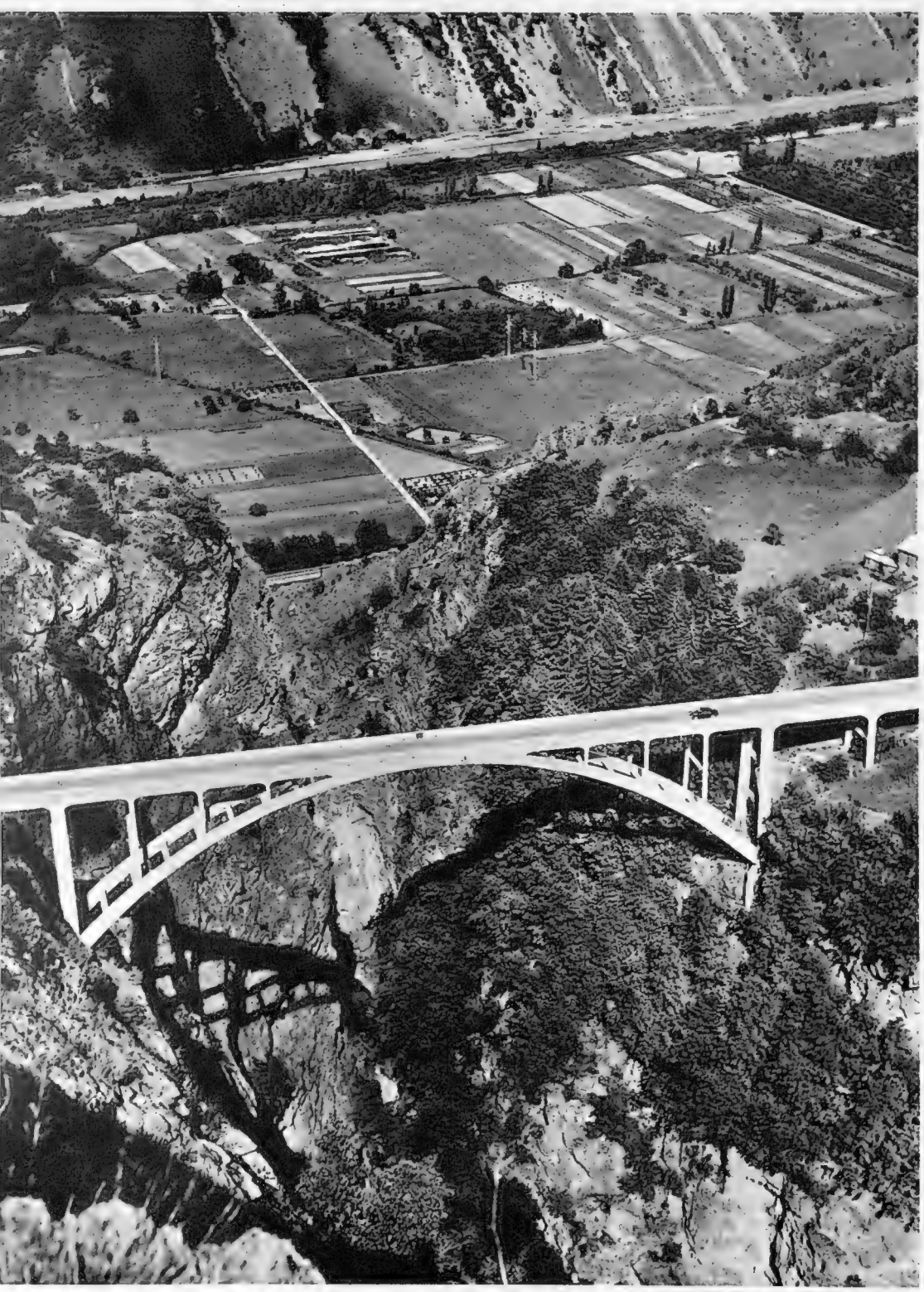
The 150 photographs represent a minute fraction of the photographer's activity. Mr. Cash calculates that in the last ten years he has taken 50,000 photographs. This gives an average of 5,000 photographs a year which, according to some recent research statistics, is a hundred times the output of the comparatively keen amateur. The subjects have included in the last two years alone, scenes in Moscow, South Africa, Ceylon, Scandinavia, Bulgaria, and innumerable parts of the United Kingdom. It would be quite impossible to estimate the number of miles travelled.

Curiously enough, Mr. Cash did not begin his working career as a photographer. It was over a quarter of a century ago when he was in a business in Canada which required many journeys over that country that he became really interested in the camera. Eventually he decided to become a professional.

Nowadays he often lectures about his job. A favourite question from his audiences is: "How do you find your subjects?" The answer is that he looks for them. They are always there, he explains, provided you can see them. This is a fundamental rule in photography. Another fundamental is to understand the working of the camera, be it of simple or elaborate type. Mr. Cash, incidentally, has taken many pictures with simpler types of cameras. But he is always careful to utter a word of warning. His is no easy success story. Many are the pitfalls waiting for the beginner, and even when patience, hard work and learning by bitter experience have led to progress, commercial photography is a highly competitive field. Hundreds of thousands of people enjoy travelling with a camera but, as his current exhibition shows, few can hope to do it with such art as Mr. Cash.

(*Further pictures on following pages*)

IN THE TROSSACHS: The steamer passes the steep cliffs and wooded slopes surrounding Loch Katrine, in Perthshire. The 9½-mile-long loch in Perthshire is a starting-point for excursions into the Trossachs. The picture is another in the J. Allan Cash Exhibition in London.



A STUDY IN ENGINEERING SKILL: The bridge carrying the road over the Gorge de Triège in Switzerland throws a distorted shadow onto the precipitous rocks behind. Through the gap between the tops of the rocks can be seen a small section of the railway which leads to a nearby tunnel.

SNOW SCENE IN THE ALPS: Cars of L'Index Télécabine work on their ...ables on a slope... shades of the wooded mountainsides and rocks above cont...st with the w... being one of the leading British photographers, J. Allan Cash must also be ...

## TRAVELLING WITH A...

THE SOLITUDE OF THE SCOTTISH COAST: Eilean Dolan Castle is built on an island in Loch Alsh, on the West Coast of Scotland. In the far right background is the outline of the Cuillin Hills of the Isle of Skye.

near Chamonix. The dark
hite of the snow. Besides
one of the most travelled.

CAMERA

THE HARBOUR AT FUNCHAL: Below the windows of Reid's Hotel, the jetty curves round the harbour to the Pilar de Banger at the right end. Beyond, the whitewashed houses of the port in Madeira spread upwards in the amphitheatre formed by the hills behind them. In his frequent travels Mr. Cash estimates that he now takes an average of 5,000 pictures a year.

On right—THE GRANDEUR OF NORWAY: The deep Naeroysdal Gorge winds between peaks. The wall in the foreground stands before a hotel.

# THE LURE OF THE JUMBLE SALE

*It is a Wildly Popular Function, and Wildly is the Operative Word*

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

NO one can live for very long in the country without becoming aware of the sale. For that matter, no one can live for very long in any town in England nowadays without becoming aware of this odd feature of English life, for the sale has become an integral part of the life of every Church of England parish.

But, essentially, the sale is a rural phenomenon in origin and, I think, of comparatively recent date. Presumably, there were in the countryside occasional sales—I am not, of course, referring to auctions—a hundred years and more ago (though I am not sure about this: it is, perhaps, significant that you do not find them mentioned in the diaries of the time), but it is only since the decline of the squirearchy that they have become a popular and persistent (and, indeed, essential) feature of rural life.

In the golden days of the squirearchy there was, of course, no need for the sale. If money was required for any particular purpose in the village, the local landed gentry stumped up and did so gladly. There was never any real difficulty about it; but the day of the "big house" has gone. If there is an aristocratic family and a large house in the neighbourhood, it can no longer, in the vast majority of cases, be looked to for financial aid. More often than not the house is lived in only because it and its owners have become "objects of interest" to tourists at half-a-crown a time—and that half-crown leaves little change. Money can no longer be begged: it must be raised. There is no more certain way of doing this, in the country, than by having a sale or holding a whist drive.

The whist drive is obvious: it appeals to the sporting instinct, and therefore cannot fail. But the person who first thought of holding a sale to raise money for some charitable cause in a rural district was an observant genius.

Living in small and often isolated communities, contact with other communities made difficult by poor roads and primitive means of transport, the countryman was thrown back upon himself and his immediate neighbours. Country folk, from time immemorial, have been specialists in the art of "taking in each other's washing" as a means of livelihood. People did jobs for one another, so that in every village you could find without difficulty men and women able to turn their hand to pretty well any job, no matter how unusual: and to finish it expertly enough, too.

And, in the same way, people within a village would exchange goods among themselves. Barter, the exchange of one commodity for another, is the common method of trade among primitive peoples and is a phase in the economic history of all peoples. The books tell us that this method of trading became extinct in all civilised countries with the establishment of a money currency. I suppose, broadly speaking, that is true: certainly it is true of all urban communities. But barter was by no means uncommon in rural Britain even as late as the early years of this century among the less well-to-do. It was, I think, the greater ease of communication, and particularly the advent of the bus, rather than money *qua* money, which more than anything else killed barter as a common practice in rural districts.

Barter was a deadly serious business. The exchange of one article for another invariably involved hard bargaining, and one became a good bargainer only after a long (and often painful) apprenticeship. It really is very difficult to convince a countryman, particularly one who knows you well, that, for example, his three sacks of firewood are worth only one of your hens. He knows too much about your hens, and is likely to complicate matters by exaggerating their age. Barter, for the countryman, was really hard work: the bargaining to be taken as seriously as war.

Buying and selling, on the other hand, was fun. They have always been regarded, by country folk, as an excuse for pleasure: and still are. Country people do not go to a market or to an auction simply to buy or sell. They go because these are social functions, at which they can have the pleasure of spending money (or watching others do so), meeting their friends and taking stock of strangers, all at the same time in a nice noisy bustle. Barter took place in order that money could be saved up for the weekly shopping spree at market. The person who first thought of a sale as a means of raising money was a countryman who knew his countrymen very well indeed.

There are, as everyone will know, many different types of sale; the sale of work, the bring-and-buy, the rummage, the jumble, and so on. They differ not only in form, but also in the type of clientele they attract. The bring-and-buy appears to have originated in the United States, and is a recent importation. In its original and pure form—a sale between friends, each bringing an article and buying another, with no strangers admitted—it has never caught on in this country. Here, there is nothing like the same stress on the "bring" as there is on the "buy," and strangers are welcomed. Indeed, there is often little to distinguish the bring-and-buy from the sale of work.

The sale of work is urban in origin, and, since needlework is not nowadays a popular pastime among English women, it no longer bears any real relation to its name. But, for the student of sales, the title is useful. It informs him that this will be a thoroughly respectable affair, at which there will be an official opening, at which at some time during the proceedings a rather tedious speech will be delivered by a clergyman, and at which everyone will behave with perfect decorum. It also informs him that the goods for sale are likely to be good, but far from cheap. Despite the country genius for making a rollicking festival out of buying and selling, for some inexplicable reason nothing on earth can prevent a sale of work from being a dreadfully dreary function. But, dreary though they be, every village has at least one every year, always well-patronised by a bored crowd on its very best behaviour. And each year the takings "beat last year's record." It is a "sale," and that is enough to ensure success. We are an odd race.

A jumble sale is a very different matter. (There is, by the way, no longer any difference between a rummage sale and a jumble sale: originally a rummage sale contained no clothes and a jumble sale nothing but clothes.) It is a wildly popular function. And wildly is the operative word.

Scouts and Guides go through the village beforehand, collecting from every house anything which is completely past using by its owner. On the long trestle tables is piled an astonishing conglomeration of old clothes, hats and boots, threadbare bits of carpet, holed pots and pans and kettles, cracked cups and plates, broken ornaments, burst handbags and suitcases, worn-out wheelbarrows, bottomless buckets, battered books and whatnot. But, and this is the lure of the jumble, you can never tell. The "cause" may appeal strongly to someone, and then you will find some quite reasonable clothes, some good shoes, some pleasant bric-à-brac, unbroken jugs and whatnot. You pay threepence to enter a jumble sale, and a good one will have a long queue outside the door an hour before opening.

The sellers stand behind their trestle tables, and if they are wise they will have placed a row of high-backed chairs in front of these tables to keep, so far as possible, the crowd in some sort of order. There is no official opening: the buyers could not wait for that. The door is opened and the mob bursts in. They charge wild-eyed down the room, grasping shopping-bags or sacks, elbows out to fend competitors off. They fight over the best things, to turn them over, to slip them unseen into their sacks if they can—oh yes, even the most honest and respectable old body is out to do this if she can: it seems to be considered part of the game—or, if not, to pay the ridiculously low price that is asked.

To the sellers, selfless souls helping a good cause, the whole thing is an exhausting nightmare. To the buyers it is a ravishing dream. Here is the opportunity to get something for nothing or practically nothing—it does not matter if you really want it or not: what matters is that you can prevent somebody else from getting it. And here may be the opportunity for paying off an old score. There is just a chance that you may be able to ram an elbow into Mrs. Blank and pay her out for that remark she made in The Red Herring a year ago.

No wonder jumble sales pay.

**THE DOORS ARE OPEN AND THE RUSH IS ON : This is the scene at a typical jumble sale as the buyers rush the stalls to search for bargains. Usually the goods for sale are laid out on trestle tables and sometimes chairs are placed in front of the tables to keep the crowd back. There is no opening ceremony for the sale.**

**OUT OF DOORS: A table with jumble has been set up on a lawn. On some occasions the choice pieces given to a jumble sale are held over for "the white elephant stall" at the summer fête or Christmas bazaar. The stallholders at jumble sales have often noticed that the demand for certain articles changes from sale to sale.**

A SUCCESSFUL LAUNCH: *Above*—Mr. Owen Aisher's 12-metre yacht *Evaine* is pictured on the River Itchen, at Southampton, after being launched at the yard of Camper and Nicholson. *On left*—The 90-ft. mast is lowered to the deck of *Evaine* from a barge alongside. The yacht is to race this season against *Sceptre*, the British challenger for the America's Cup.

# BRITAIN'S YACHTING CHALLENGE

*Preparations for This Year's America's Cup Contest*

In American waters off Newport, Rhode Island, on September 10 a race will be begun. Its progress will be followed with more than usual interest by those interested in yachting on British shores. Since a memorable day in 1851, when the schooner *America* defeated seventeen British yachts in a race round the Isle of Wight and took back with her a gold cup across the Atlantic, British yachtsmen have fought to regain this trophy which has since become known as the America's Cup. Sixteen attempts (including two by Canada) to win back this much-coveted prize failed up to the last war. Conditions were so totally different after the war, however, that no one could even think of building a challenger which, under the rules, had to be a yacht of the "J" class, and sail her across to America—another condition. In 1956 the New York Yacht Club, the custodian of the Cup, obtained permission to alter the rules so that the minimum waterline length of boats eligible was reduced to 44 ft., thus enabling yachts of the 12-metre class to participate. This immediately opened the door to a fresh challenge from Britain, and at Robertson's Yard, Sandbank, at the head of Holy Loch, a 34-ton yacht, *Sceptre*, is being built. Her construction is being financed by a syndicate of members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. When completed, she will race in British waters against the 12-metre yacht *Evaine* (pictures of which are reproduced on this page) which is to act as a "trial horse" until the skill of *Sceptre's* designer, builders and crew is finally put to the test on the other side of the Atlantic.

**THE FLOODLIT PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU : A general view of the scene in Grand Hall, Olympia, where the *Daily Mail's* fiftieth Ideal Home Exhibition is being held. At the end of the main tree-lined avenue, fringed with commercial stands, is a reproduction of the staircase of the Palace of Fontainebleau. In rooms behind the two long galleries of the Palace, which flank the north and south sides of the Grand Hall, a collection of paintings and furniture is on view, loaned by the National Trust.**

# FIFTY YEARS' SUCCESS

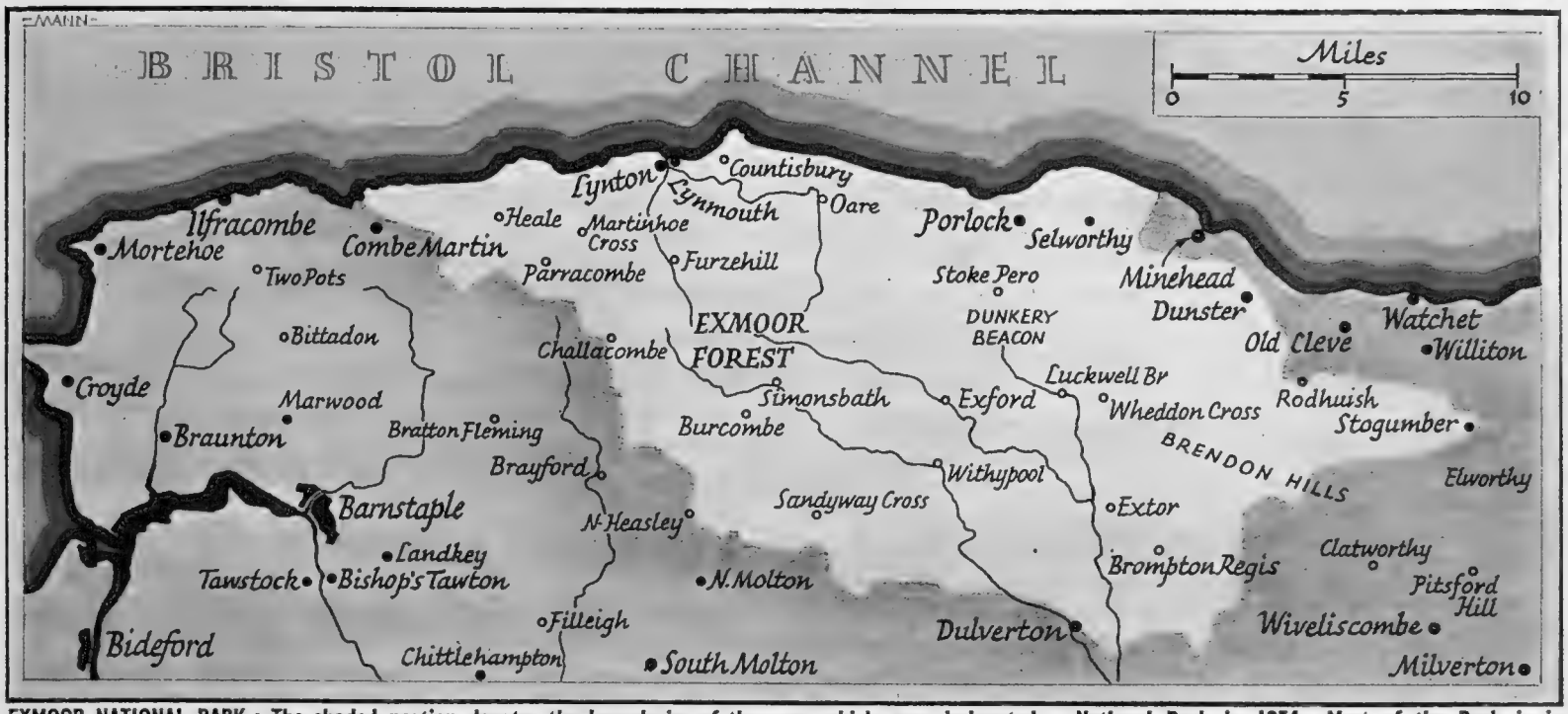
*The Golden Jubilee of the "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia*

When opening the first *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, in 1908, Sir John Bell, the then Lord Mayor of London, said, prophetically: "The promoters of this enterprise have made history." That history now extends over fifty years. To the first exhibition there came 160,000 people to an Olympia which consisted of the Grand Hall alone. Last year, to a much bigger Olympia, 1,329,644 visitors passed through the turnstiles. Since 1908 more than 23,000,000 people have seen successive versions of the exhibition. It is here that manufacturers of domestic wares and equipment have developed the custom of introducing their new appliances for the first time. This was never more evident than at the jubilee exhibition which has many new features to make it worthy of the occasion.

**PICNIC IN THE PARK AT VERSAILLES—1720: The delightful scene is in the gallery of furniture and decor which is made up of fourteen rooms of different periods and styles. It also includes rooms designed for a specific purpose by some of the finest British designers.**

**THE ROUND HOUSE : Of a unique German design, it was built as a result of a request from the Belgian Government for a house suitable for workers in the remote regions of the Belgian Congo. It comprises a bed-sitting-room, kitchen and bathroom. Made of aluminium, the house is only 13 ft. high and 15 ft. wide.**

**ALL RICHNESS AND ELEGANCE : Cecil Beaton's decorative flamboyance is in evidence in his Edwardian bedroom. Typical of the period, the effect is opulent; red flock paper on the walls; a canopied bed, curtains, circular table-cloths, chair-coverings all in red velvet, with bobble fringe and gold galloon—an amusing and colourful pastiche.**




**EXMOOR NATIONAL PARK : The shaded portion denotes the boundaries of the area which was designated a National Park in 1954. Most of the Park is in Somerset, but the boundary brings in territory which lies outside the moor proper. It is one of the last large tracts of wild country left in Southern England. In addition to preserving its beauty, the authorities have also to take into consideration a host of everyday problems. Mr. Victor Bonham-Carter, who is the author of the article, and who farms on the edge of Exmoor, is a member of the Joint Advisory Committee of the National Park.**

# WHAT IS THE FUTURE OF EXMOOR?

*The Committees of the Exmoor National Park, in Somerset, Have Two Aims—Preserving the Beauty of the Moor and Encouraging Internal Life in the Area*

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

EXMOOR is one of the last large tracts of wild country left in Southern England. It is less popular and certainly less known than its neighbour Dartmoor; but it has certain natural and historical peculiarities which render it unique. It is, in fact, a precious part of our national heritage. In recognition of this, the whole area—nearly 300 square miles—was designated a National Park in 1954. The Park boundary begins at Combe Martin bay, in North Devon, travels south-east to Challacombe, excludes South Molton, includes Dulverton, makes north-east across the Brendon Hills to Elworthy, then turns sharply back to the Atlantic coast, where it emerges just west of Minehead. Most of the Park is in Somerset, but the new boundary is a generous one and brings in territory—especially east of the Minehead-Dulverton road—which lies outside the moor proper.

Geographically, Exmoor is a series of hills and uplands, most of them over 1,000 ft. high, with Dunkery Beacon topping 1,700 ft. All this high land is intersected by numerous rivers running north and west to the sea, such as the East and West Lyn and the Heddon; or south to join the Exe, which also rises on the moor. The catchment area for all this water lies in the north-west, a bleak, high plateau called the Chains. I walked over this place with two companions on the last day of February this year. There is nothing very striking about it—just a broad, gentle slope of rough grass and rushes overlying peat, springy and squelching with water, and raked with a ceaseless wind. But it was here that 9 ins. of rain fell in twenty-four hours on August 15, 1952, and caused the flood that overwhelmed Lynmouth and other villages on either side of the watershed.

The Chains also belongs to the ancient heart of the moor, known as Exmoor Forest: never wooded, but a Royal hunting preserve for nearly a thousand years. Before that, prehistoric man left his mark—barrows and burial mounds on the hill-tops, earthworks beside the rivers, and one amazing piece of engineering: a clapper bridge of immense stone slabs which crosses the River Barle at Tarr Steps. Of the Romans, there is little evidence, except one extraordinary unexplained relic on Winsford Hill: a large stone inscribed Caractaci Nepos (Kinsman of Caractacus).

Nothing is really known about Exmoor until Norman times, when a very large area was reserved for the king's pleasure, and administered by a Warden of the Forest who collected tolls and inflicted savage penalties for poaching. At the same time pasturing and other common rights were awarded to the "Free Suitors" of the parishes of Hawkridge and Withypool, and to the "Suitors at Large," who held property abutting the Forest. Although reduced to some 20,000 acres by 1400, the Forest remained intact until the early nineteenth century, when it was "disafforested" and three-quarters of it sold to John Knight, a Midlands ironmaster.

John Knight and his son Frederic were astonishing men, true Victorian pioneers whose names are revered in agricultural history. Their aim was to reclaim the Forest for profitable farming, and they went a long way towards success. Between 1820 and 1900 they built 22 miles of roads, created holdings and farmsteads, broke the land and the hard iron pan beneath the soil with teams of oxen and steam ploughs, and after much trial and error introduced a system of stock-raising (especially sheep), which is the basis of Exmoor farming to-day. Their attempts at iron-ore mining fortunately failed, but they built Simonsbath village and attracted several hundred settlers, creating the overall pattern which distinguishes Exmoor from other wild places. By this I mean stretches of heath—mostly rough pasture with a minimum of heather—punctuated by oases of reclaimed fields and solid stone farmsteads, that turn the moorland to profitable account without impairing its beauty and its wild life.

But Exmoor has always been a place for pleasure as well as work. The rivers, especially the Barle and the Exe, are famous for salmon and trout, and fishermen

*(Continued on following page)*

**IN THE DOONE COUNTRY : The village of Oare nestles in a valley between heather-clad hills. Its chief interest lies in its association with Blackmore's novel, *Lorna Doone*. In the Perpendicular church is a tablet erected in 1925 to commemorate the centenary of Blackmore's birth. This is typical Exmoor country with the lonely moor stretching behind it.**

A POPULAR HOLIDAY CENTRE IN THE EXMOOR NATIONAL PARK: The camera looks down from Summer House Hill towards Lynton (on the thickly-wooded hill) and Lynmouth. Lynton is situated 500 ft. above Lynmouth, where the East and West Lyns meet to flow into the Bristol Channel. It is estimated that about 50,000 visitors stay in the area of the park every year.

A GREAT ATTRACTION TO VISITORS ON THE MOOR: Wild ponies are seen roaming on Dunkery Hill. The Exmoor pony, which has come into its own again, is a small, sturdy animal and very hardy. Recently, the strain has been husbanded and improved. During the summer months they are a great attraction to the hosts of motorists who tour the moor from the holiday resorts.

(*Continued from previous page*)

patronise the hotels at Dulverton, Tarr Steps, Withypool and elsewhere year after year. Deer- and fox-hunting, particularly the former, have a long history on the moor, and remain the principal sport of farmers and other moormen. These are not fashionable packs and attract comparatively few outsiders except in the summer; but there is no doubt about their popularity, despite the present campaign against blood sports. The indigenous Exmoor pony has also come into its own again. It is a small, sturdy animal, very hardy, and makes an excellent child's pony. Recently the strain has been husbanded and improved, and the suckers which are rounded up every year now fetch good prices at the autumn fairs.

Since the First World War Exmoor has become one of the holiday areas of Britain. It has been calculated that at least 50,000 visitors come every year, many of them stay on farms and walk or ride about the moor, but the majority drive in cars and coaches over certain well-established routes. One of the most popular of these starts from Dulverton, and travels northwards up the whole length of the beautiful Exe and Quarme valleys as far as Wheddon Cross. Leaving Dunkery and the Holnicote woods on the left, it then drops down through Timberscombe to Dunster, with its fascinating medieval streets and octagonal yarn market, under the lee of the great castle of the Luttrells.

The route then turns west through Minehead, past Selworthy, a "picture-postcard" village with a cluster of thatched cottages and an incomparable church, to Porlock and the sea. From there it rises up the notorious hill and along the coast road to Lynmouth, which is now being reconstructed with ingenuity and good taste. Most visitors then take a short tour into the so-called Doone country, through the villages of Brendon and Oare. The Doones certainly existed. They were probably Scottish outlaws who came to Devon in the seventeenth century and settled in the Oare Valley, or possibly in one of the remote combes to the south. In his book *Lorna Doone*, Blackmore purposely confused the geography for the sake of romance, but there is no doubt that his story was based on fact. Finally, the visitors return south through Simonsbath and South Molton, or Exford, Withypool and Winsford.

What is the future of Exmoor? The National Park committees have two aims, which are not always easy to combine. First, they must preserve the beauty of the moor, with its magnificent scenery and varied wild life. Exmoor is a unique part of England which all have a right to enjoy. But this entails not only rights of access but such mundane things as the provision and control of parking places, caravan sites, places of refreshment, and so forth, which often conflict with æsthetics.

Secondly, the Committees must encourage the internal life of the area. Visitors are not the only consideration. Farming must go on, and forestry wherever suitable. The villages must have their complement of new houses, public services, and small industries; and Exmoor people must be allowed to live an ordinary existence without being regarded as exhibits in a museum. Preservation, in other words, is an active, not a passive, process. It involves a host of everyday problems which are being conscientiously considered by the planning authorities concerned.

# WHAT IS THE FUTURE OF EXMOOR?

IN THE TOWN OF DUNSTER WITH "ITS FASCINAT
yarn market which is also listed as an anc
of the builder, George Luttrell. Towering above

LOOKING SOUTH TOWARDS DUNKERY BEACON WHICH TOPS 1,700 FT.: The view looks across part of Minehead, to part of the moor which, geographically, is a series of hills and uplands. One of the aims of the National Park Committees is to encourage the internal life of the area. Farming must go on, as well as forestry wherever suitable. The villages must have their complement of new houses, public services and small industries; and Exmoor people must be allowed to live an ordinary existence without being regarded as exhibits in a museum.

THE SMALLEST COMPLETE CHURCH IN ENGLAND: Culbone Church measures 33 ft. by 12 ft. 8 ins. It is reached from Porlock Weir by a delightful walk of about a mile along the coast and through woodland.

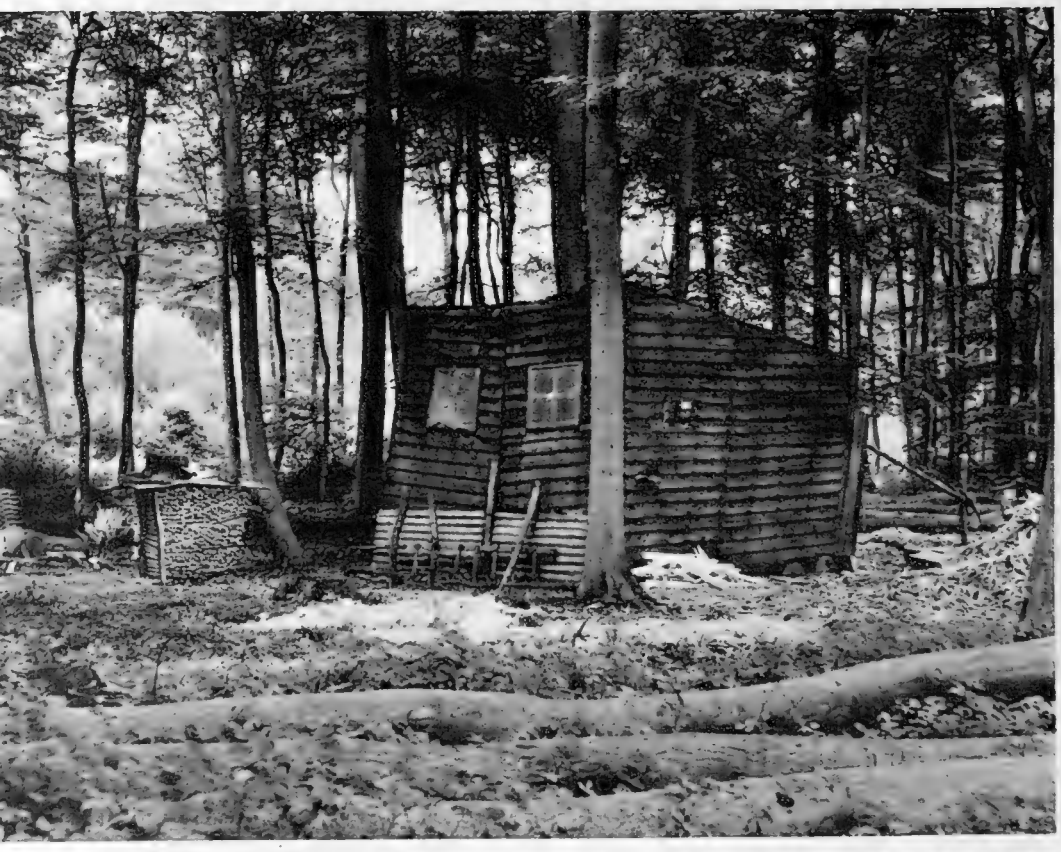
A QUIET LANE ON THE FRINGE OF DUNSTER: The lane on the right is carried across the stream by the pack-horse bridge of two arches. The picturesque old bridge is listed as an ancient monument.

DIEVAL STREETS": In the right foreground is the nument. In 1647 it was repaired by the grandson n is the great 12th-century castle of the Luttrells.

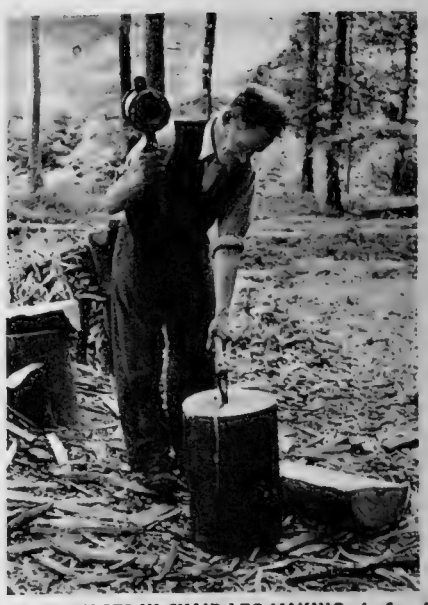
LOOKING ACROSS THE MEADOWLAND TOWARDS THE SEA AT PORLOCK: In the centre background is Hurlstone Point. The actual town of Porlock is about a mile from the sea and about 1½ miles from Porlock Weir. Porlock is, of course, well known for its famous hill. In the centre of the town the church is dedicated to St. Dubricius, a Welsh saint who died in A.D. 612.

# LAST OF THE BODGERS

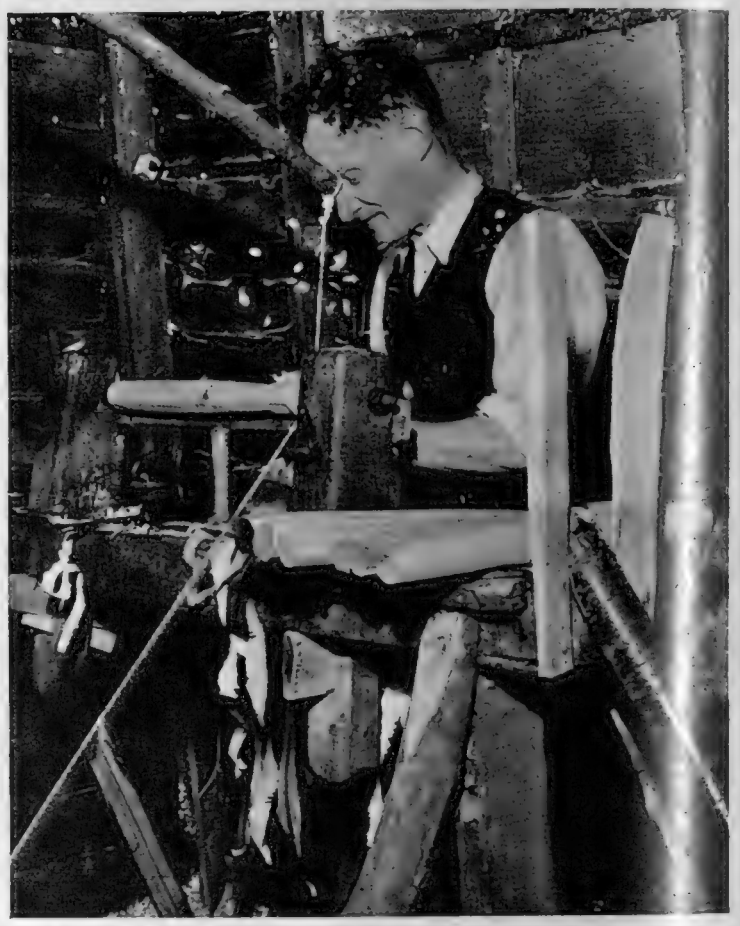
*A Single Craftsman Carries on in the Tradition of Chair-leg Making in the Buckinghamshire Woods*

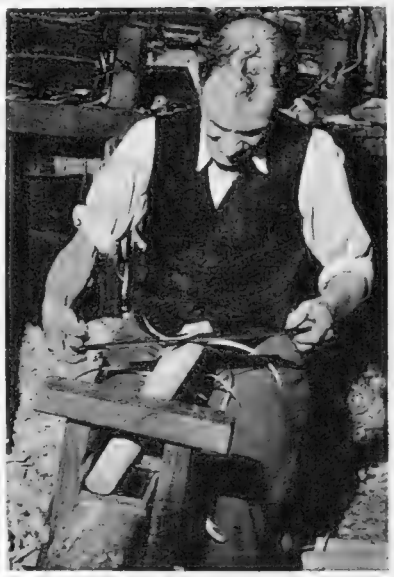


THE "MOBILE" WORKSHOP: The hut of the bodger, or chair-leg maker, stands in Hampden Wood, in the Chiltern Hills, in Buckinghamshire. This workshop is mobile, the craftsman transporting it to set it up in any new area where he has a "stand" of timber.



TWO STAGES IN CHAIR-LEG MAKING: *Left*—A sawn log is split into sizes which may make a leg. *Right*—A larch sapling has been harnessed and passed into the hut so that its flexibility can provide driving power for a lathe.





NEARING COMPLETION: The rough pieces of wood are shaped into chair-legs on the primitive pole lathe. *On left*—The bodger in his hut shaves the split sections of wood into the rough shapes for the simple lathe.

IN the woods of the Chiltern Hills, above High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, a unique craftsman is to be found. He is the last practising bodger in his locality. Bodging means making chair-legs and in the past countless generations have been concerned with this craft. To-day one bodger remains. In himself he is a reminder that High Wycombe owes its present reputation as a centre of the furniture industry in no small measure to the beechwoods which lie on the hills in its environs.

The beech is particularly well-suited to the needs of the furniture industry. Not only does it cut smoothly while still green, it can also be cleaved and left to dry for long periods without warping or cracking. After hundreds, if not thousands, of craftsmen have drawn on the timber of the Chilterns over the centuries, it may seem surprising that the tree growth has remained as profuse as ever. This is due to "the selection system" of felling. When a bodger buys a "stand" of timber, he does not proceed to cut it down indiscriminately, but he selects those trees that will suit his purposes. Some he leaves intact and they will grow to full size. Any gaps he may have left will soon be filled by seedlings springing from the nuts which have fallen from the surrounding trees.

Like many other English woodland crafts, chair-leg making is a rapidly dwindling one, despite the very high prices paid for the handmade Windsor chair. Fifteen years ago there were at least a dozen bodgers in the High Wycombe district. The bodger who still survives in the solitude of the beech glades uses exactly the same tools and the same techniques of manufacture that have been used for the last 500 years.

The craftsman of Hampden Wood whom I visited was short, slim, middle-aged and spoke with the musical "burr" of Buckinghamshire country folk. I learnt that his father, his grandfather and countless generations before him had obtained a livelihood from chair-making in the solitude of the trees. It is sad to think that he is the last of his line in the trade, and that after his day another chapter in the history of rural England will have closed.

The bodger's hut is a simple affair. It is very light and portable, so that whenever he buys a new "stand" of timber, his shop and tools can easily be transported to a new place of work. The bodger is a travelling craftsman who finds it much easier to carry his hut and few simple tools to the trees, than to bring the trees, often from inaccessible places, to a village workshop. In the past, only the framework of the hut was transported from one place to the other, for the walls were built up very gradually from wood-shavings, while a number of thatched bundles formed the roof.

The tools and equipment required by the chair bodger are few and simple, and it takes no more than a few hours for him to transport all his requirements to a particular section of the woods. First of all he buys a "stand" of timber of so many square yards, and he sets up his portable shelter in the middle of it. After selecting and felling the trees, the branches are lopped off and the trunk trimmed with an axe. The large beech butts are then sawn by means of a cross-cut saw into logs, approximately 15 ins. in length.

Although this particular bodger was very slightly built, he was able, without any assistance of any kind, to lift a huge tree-trunk, almost 20 ft. in length, on to a pair of home-made sawing dogs. His saw was intended for use by two men, but he had long ago lost his partner, to the greater security of the town. The one isolated incident of a man using a tool designed for two epitomises the great change that has taken place in many rural crafts; the young leaving the countryside for the towns, the old retiring and dying with no one to replace them.

After the beech butts have been sawn, the next step consists of splitting them with a beetle and wedge. The aim in this operation is to reduce the log to such sizes that will give a piece for a chair-leg with as little waste as possible. One log may produce anything from six to a dozen pieces, and considerable experience is required to know exactly into how many pieces a log should be cut.

When a large number of logs have been split in this way, the bodger takes a short-handled side-axe, whose blade is sharpened on one side only, and with a few deft strokes he produces the rough outline of a chair-leg. Placing the roughly-shaped leg in the jaws of a shaving horse, the wood is now shaved with a draw shave, a two-handled knife. The shaving horse itself is a low bench, which the craftsman sits astride, pressing with his feet to tighten the grip on the wood held in the jaws of the horse.

The final stage in making a chair-leg is to turn the roughly-shaped pieces of wood on the pole lathe. This very primitive piece of equipment, which has remained unchanged since Iron Age times, completely filled the hut. The pole lathe is a very light and portable affair, the driving power being a young ash or larch sapling, the butt end firmly fixed in the ground some yards outside the hut. The free end passes into the hut and the cord attached to it wound around the material fitted in between the puppets of the lathe, and thence to the foot treadle underneath. By pressing the treadle with one foot, the material is turned at lightning speed. As the treadle is pressed, the pole bends downwards, but when the foot is removed the springiness of the pole revolves the wood in the opposite direction. On each forward motion the craftsman applies his lathe chisels to the revolving material. First, a ½-in. gouge is used to smooth the wood, and this is followed by a broad, square chisel. The traditional bobbin design on the leg is cut with a small V-chisel.

All this work is carried out when the wood is still green and the finished chair-legs are stacked in symmetrical heaps for many weeks to mature, before they are transported to the factories of High Wycombe and the surrounding villages. The chair bodger is a specialist who makes nothing but the legs and stretchers of Windsor chairs. The remainder of the chair is made by another specialist, the framer, who works in a permanent workshop and never in the beechwoods.

J. Geraint Jenkins.

# THE RECORDS BOOM IN BRITAIN

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

COMPARATIVELY few people in the business of electronic entertainment, at the end of the war expected the gramophone to be a particularly rapidly expanding part of that business during the post-war years. Television, obviously, had the big "growth potential." There was a vast eager public waiting for it as soon as the industry could offer receivers at reasonable prices. Radio, in countries such as Britain, was out of its period of growth, though a large number of people needed new sets to replace worn-out models. After a big wave of buying to make up these arrears, it could be expected to settle down to a steady level of replacement selling.

The gramophone had been at this replacement level for years, though more and more people tended to buy an electric version as an adjunct to radio in the radiogram. If anything, the trade expected that this side of the business might relatively decline; with television offering powerful new competition for the consumer's time and money. Something looked as if it would have to give.

And then, ten years ago this June, Columbia, in the United States, introduced its "microgroove" long-playing record. This was the answer to a need that collectors of gramophone records, particularly of classical music, had been expressing for years. The automatic record-changer had reduced the labour of listening to a lengthy piece of orchestral music, but not the irritation of breaks at arbitrary intervals imposed by the size of a disc of shellac, rather than the pattern of the music.

The man who found the answer was himself an enthusiastic collector of recorded music. Unlike most of them, he had the knowledge, and the facilities, to do something about it. He was a scientist working on colour television in the laboratories of the Columbia Broadcasting System, who, shortly after the war, had the notion of making a long-playing record that would use finer grooves, packing up to 300 to the inch against the 85 to 100 of the conventional record. That in itself would increase the length of the recording. If the record were rotated less than half as fast as an ordinary disc it would allow 20 minutes or more of playing time on one side against the 4 minutes for each side of a 12-in. record.

Adapting this idea into a practical technique of recording was a laborious and expensive process. Development required the use of a new material for the record, a vinyl plastic; and new lightweight pick-up heads had to be devised. The result was not merely a record that could conveniently put most symphonies on two sides of a 12-in. record, it also offered a far higher quality of recording. It needed special equipment with a slow-geared turntable to play these records and the public had to be convinced this was worth buying and would not, in its turn, be made obsolete by further developments. After three years' development, Columbia put the new records on the market in 1948. The company's biggest rival, the Radio Corporation of America, attempted to counter its attractions by introducing the "extended-play" record running at 45 revolutions per minute against the long-player's 33⅓ revolutions. Eventually it became clear that each type had its place, neither ousting the other.

Decca introduced the long-playing record to Britain in 1950: it was not until 1952 that Electric and Musical Industries followed suit, making both extended-play and long-playing types. The decision was, at that time, not an easy one for a recording company. These companies have a big investment locked up in their stock-in-trade of classical 78-r.p.m. recordings. Their repertoire includes thousands of titles and performances by different orchestras. Both new types of record, particularly the long-player, offered the customer a much higher quality of reproduction than the shellac record spinning at 78 revolutions a minute. Once a potential buyer of classical records had acquired long-playing equipment, to offer these titles on the new type of record practically devalued existing stocks of the same music on conventional records. For a person buying long pieces of music in any case, there was not much difference in cost. Moreover, the vinyl record is unbreakable and stores far more music more lightly.

The advent of the long-playing record, and the popular interest that it revived in gramophones—a word which the trade now eschews, preferring to call the modern electric turntable, whether with its own amplifier and loudspeaker or fitted to reproduce through a radio loudspeaker, a "record-player"—explains one aspect of the record boom in Britain (and in the United States), but only one. It might have been expected to drive the conventional 78-r.p.m. disc off the market. In the classical field certainly, the companies are to-day not pressing many conventional discs, but in the popular music field, they are pressing many more 78-r.p.m. discs than ever before.

Out of some 80,000,000 records produced in Britain last year, about 50,000,000 were conventional 78-r.p.m. discs. The remainder were divided almost equally between the 33⅓-r.p.m. long-players and the 45-r.p.m. medium-play records, sales of which almost doubled during last year. About 15,000,000 records, worth £4,000,000 were exported: the rest, worth some £10,000,000 to the manufacturers, will have fetched about double that sum from the public, after the retail mark-up and purchase tax at 60 per cent. Every long-playing disc, of course, costs more than the 78-r.p.m. disc; while making up only about three-eighths of the numbers of records, the two long- and medium-playing types will have accounted for about two-thirds of the total money spent.

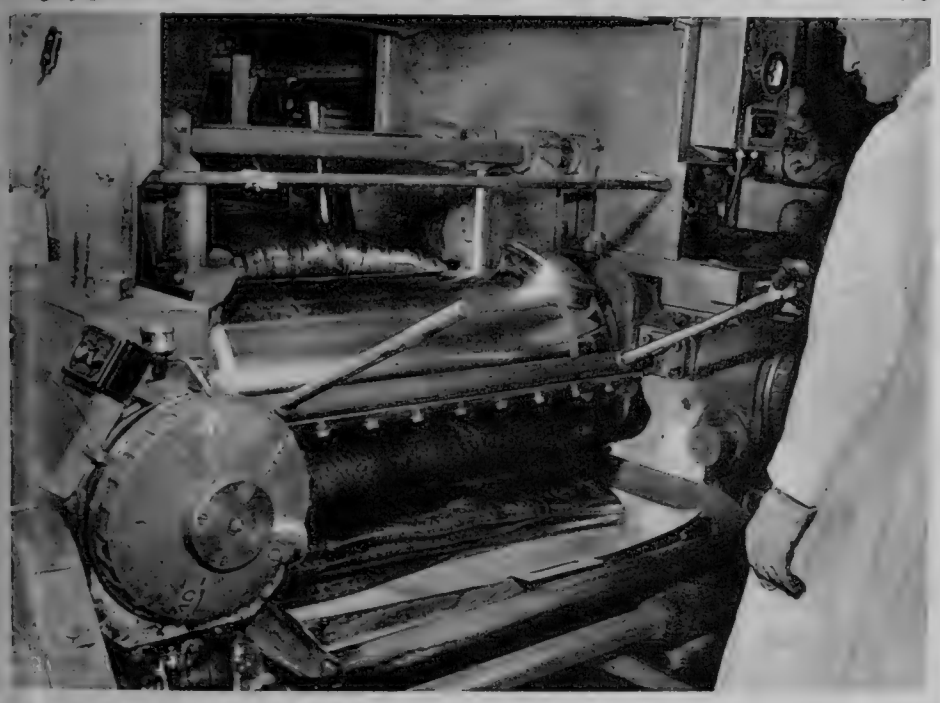
In numbers of discs, certainly, it is the "pops"—light music and jazz—which make the money for this business. It has been reckoned that only one family in ten in this country has a gramophone or record-player that will take the long-playing records, though sales of these machines have been multiplying rapidly in the last couple of years. The public for popular tunes is mainly a young one—the record business has been one of the beneficiaries of the disproportionate growth in young workers' wages and salaries during the post-war years.

Catering to these musically-minded young people has become a highly specialised business, with stores specially rigged with playing booths and cubicles perpetually full of enraptured adolescents. Nor can the buyer of classical music afford to turn up his nose too far at them. Any major record company will tell him that the vast stock of classical recordings it keeps for his delectation is, in fact, subsidised by sales of "pop" tunes. Costly as he may think his £2 long-playing 12-in. record is to buy, it is not a particularly good bargain for the maker.

This is partly a matter of the increasing demands of copyright fees and musicians' salaries; primarily, a matter of tying up large investments in stock, and in keeping a steady flow of new recordings, of which only a small proportion can ever be expected to sell very well. The same is true, certainly, of "pop" tunes, but whereas a successful classical recording may sell several thousands, a really successful popular recording may sell in hundreds of thousands. In the classical field, there are no runaway best-sellers; but a vast variety of titles is constantly in demand and this keeps the cost up.

In an attempt to by-pass this difficulty and sell long-playing records more cheaply, a number of clubs are now selling classical records by mail order. This cuts down distribution charges, since there are no retail margins. Moreover, the clubs have a more or less guaranteed demand for a limited number of recordings, and do not have to finance the "overhead" of a wide variety of titles constantly available against demand. It is natural that this should irritate manufacturers and retailers which have to finance big stocks of records: but the big companies have the best orchestras and performers under contract, the best studios and refinements of recording to offer, and are always likely to retain the lion's share even of classical recording business.

On the popular side, there are signs that demand may be shifting rather more to the 45-r.p.m. record, which is not too expensive an outlay for to-day's well-heeled adolescents. Some people in the business fear that when the bulge of young people comes from school to industry in the next few years youth will not retain quite the edge in earning power it has enjoyed since the war. But for the moment there is little sign that this free-spending young public is becoming any poorer, or any less "mad about music."



**GRAMOPHONE RECORDS IN THE MAKING:** The plastic material from which microgroove records are made is a compound of vinyl co-polymers and other ingredients. The machine in this picture, taken at the E.M.I. factory at Hayes, is used to mix and roll the ingredients into a finely-constituted pliable "blanket" in readiness for subsequent operations. These include "biscuits" of raw material being pre-heated for rolling into a convenient shape for insertion in the record press, which is seen *on right*. The metal stampers are then fixed in position at top and bottom of the press (one for each side of the record) and the labels inserted. A pre-heated plastic "biscuit" is rolled into a convenient shape and placed in the centre of the press. The press closes and great heat and pressure are applied automatically.

**PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING**—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

## AIRPORT MODERNISATION

The two pictures reproduced on the *right* and immediately *below* show work in progress on the new engineering base for British European Airways at London Airport. The picture on the *right*, taken within the walls of the structure, gives some idea of the spaciousness of the vast interior in which engineers will be able to work and move about at a fast rate. The picture *below* gives some idea of what the new building will look like from the outside.

When completed in August 1960, British European Airways will have doubled the capacity of its maintenance base and will be fully equipped to deal with the new fleet of turboprop and jet aircraft which will be flying by then. Ten enormous hangar bays will have a door entrance span of 162 ft. and a clearance height of 40 ft. The depth to the back wall will be 136 ft. Each bay will have a "break-through" at the rear to enable the nose of an aircraft to protrude into the central workshop area. Each new bay will be capable of accommodating three of the present Viscounts. The first new hangar and workshop bay are expected to be put into use in September of this year. The main contractors for the work are Holland and Hannen and Cubitts Ltd.

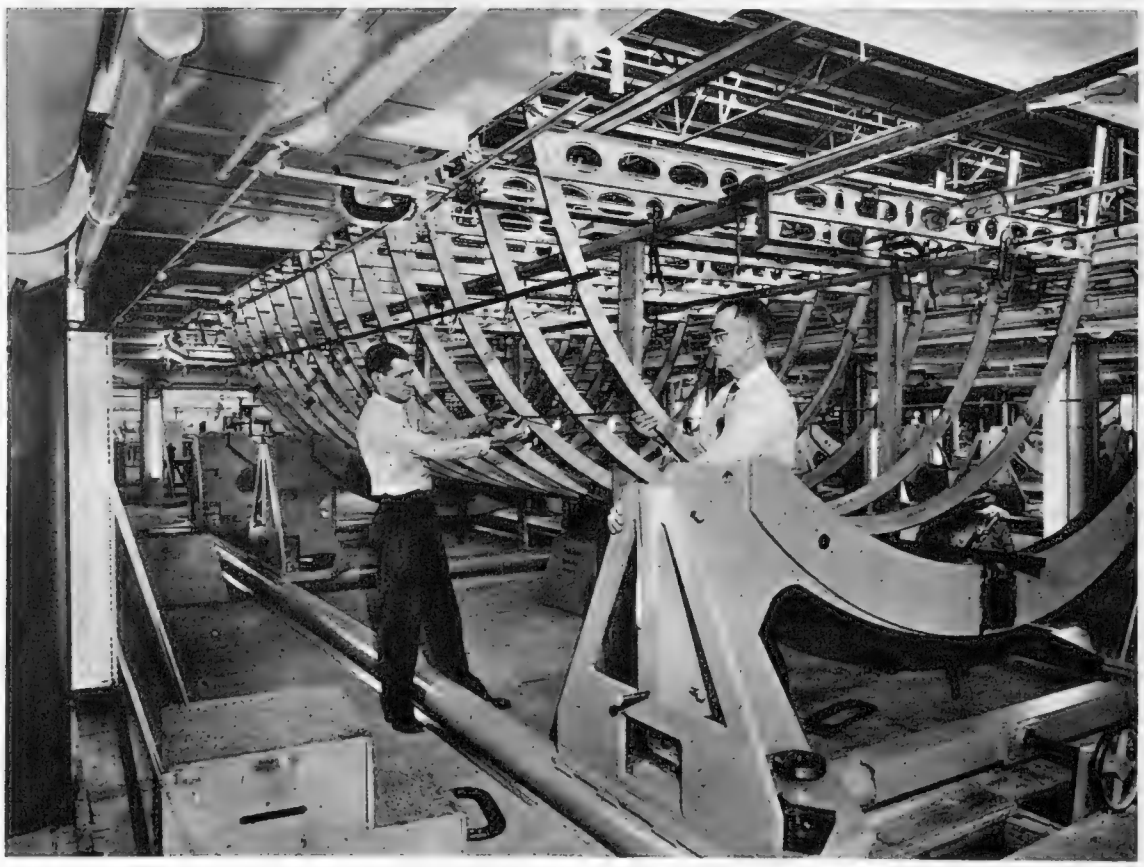
## PRODUCTION OF MISSILES

Technicians are operating a special welding device used in the production of Jupiter missiles at the Chrysler Corporation's missile plant at Detroit, Michigan. One of the components of a Jupiter is secured in the device. The production line at the missile plant differs from the production line of the car plant in that the missiles require more delicate workmanship. On March 5, the United States launched a second Explorer satellite. Like the first, it was launched by a Jupiter-C rocket. The second satellite, carried in the nose of the Jupiter-C, weighed 31¼ lb. It was slightly heavier than Explorer I, which was launched at Cape Canaveral, in Florida, on January 31. The four-stage rocket carrying the satellite shot away from its concrete launching platform and within thirty seconds had disappeared into an overcast of cloud at about 5,000 ft. No signals were received from it at the Test Centre and it failed to go into orbit. Scientific instruments packed into the new satellite weighed about 11 lb. They were designed to record the temperatures on the surface of the protecting steel skin, the internal temperatures, the erosion of cosmic dust and cosmic ray data.

***On left—***

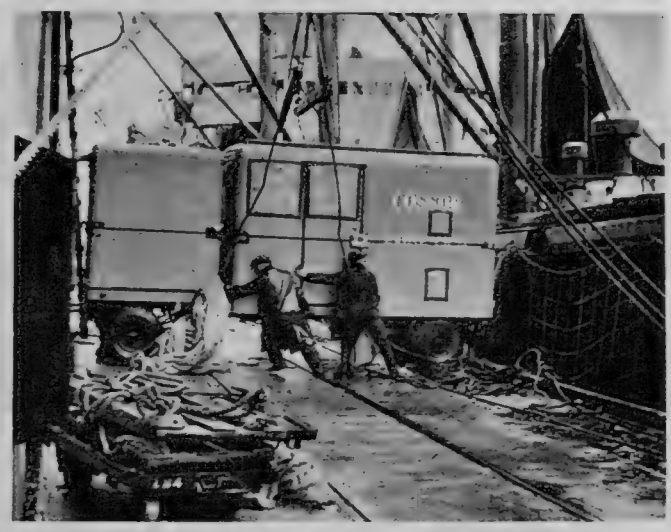
## JET AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION

Two supervisors at the Convair Division of General Dynamics Corporation, at San Diego, California, check the spacing on belt frames on a metal mock-up section of a Convair 880 jet transport forward fuselage. The mock-up is the first unit to be assembled on the production lines. The fabrication of the forward fuselage of the first 880 will start in the double-deck jib in the middle of next month. First announced in 1956, the Convair 880 (originally Skylark 600) is a four-jet transport aircraft which has been designed for medium-range routes. The first deliveries are scheduled for next year.



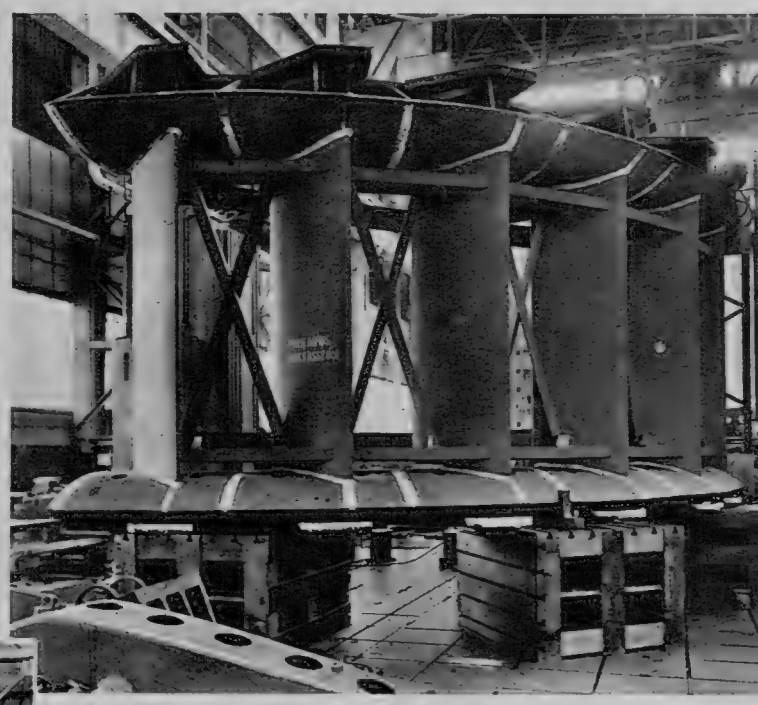
## BRITAIN'S BIGGEST CONSIGNMENT BY TRAIN FERRY

The camera looks down on the scene at Harwich, in Essex, as a vast consignment of oil refinery equipment is transferred from the British Railways' Eastern Region train ferry vessel, *Suffolk Ferry*, to the dockside. The oil refinery equipment had been shipped from Venice and was en route to the B.P. refinery at the Isle of Grain, in Kent. It was the biggest-ever consignment to be carried by the train ferry, and had been conveyed on specially-fitted railway wagons which had been sent to Venice for the purpose. The equipment, an extraction plant for the refinery, consisted of a 127-ft.-long solvent stripper, weighing 31 tons; an extract tower measuring 85 ft. 6 ins. by 5 ft. 6 ins., weighing 22 tons, and a waterwash tower measuring 57 ft. 2 ins. by 3 ft. and weighing 9 tons. It was made in Venice to fit in with the overall time-table construction plan at the refinery, where expansion work is in progress. When this expansion work is complete, the refinery will be one of the most modern in Europe.



## MOBILE RADAR UNIT FOR CANADA

Seen being swung ashore at St. John's, New Brunswick, is the Cossor mobile radar unit (C.R. 21) which has been sent to Canada for evaluation by the Canadian civil and military aviation authorities. C.R.21 is a medium-range search radar, designed primarily for the control of air traffic at airports, landing-grounds or elsewhere, and can be used either in mobile form or as a fixed installation. It is described as having set a very high standard for reliability and incorporates many new features. These include its ability to " see " through rain and snow, and to eliminate unwanted permanent echoes from mountains and buildings so that aircraft being watched are not lost to sight among echoes from such obstructions. C.R.21, developed by Cossor Radar and Electronics Ltd., was first introduced in September 1956. It has been demonstrated at the Farnborough Air Show as well as being shown in many countries. Since then, orders for the unit have been received by Cossor from customers in both Britain and overseas.



## BRITISH TURBINES FOR THE U.S.A.

A further contract for the Priest Rapids hydro scheme in the U.S.A. has been awarded to the English Electric Export and Trading Company. The new contract is to supply two more water turbine generating sets, each 83,000 kVA at 85.7 r.p.m.

In the picture *above* a stay ring quadrant is being face finished at the Company's Netherton Works, Liverpool. In the picture *on the left* work is proceeding on the rotor of the first electric generator.

English Electric is already supplying the first eight turbines and generators and five transformers for Priest Rapids, in conjunction with Merritt-Chapman and Scott, who are undertaking the civil work as the main contractors. When the award of the first contract was made in October 1956, it was announced that the English Electric Company's share was some £9,000,000.

The Priest Rapids project is one of a chain of stations being built to develop water power along the Columbia River system in the Pacific north-west. Its site is downstream from Grand Coulee, Chief Joseph and Rock Island Dams, but upstream of McNary Dam and immediately above the confluence of Snake River with Columbia River. The new dam and power house are an undertaking of Grant County Public Utility District No. 2 of Ephrata, Washington State. The total plant now to be installed by English Electric at Priest Rapids comprises ten 114,000 h.p. water turbines and ten generators, each having an output of 83,000 kVA. at 85.7 r.p.m. English Electric is supplying the five transformers of 183,000 kVA. to raise the generating voltage of 13,200 to 230,000 volts for transmission to various consuming centres. The whole project is under the technical supervision of the Harza Engineering Company of Chicago, Illinois, whose services have been retained by Grant County P.U.D. as consultants.

*The Sphere of Travel*

# BEAUTY SURROUNDS PARIS

*Some Suggestions for Excursions from the French Capital into the Ile de France*

By GORDON COOPER

THE joys and rewards of a holiday in Paris can be considerably increased by visiting places of interest in the surrounding Ile de France. This is the area which extends for an approximate radius of 50 miles beyond and around the city. Here is a countryside rich in natural beauty. Once you have got beyond the dull suburban zone you will find yourself amid superb forests, broad and tranquil rivers, green fields and charming villages. In many cases, there are ancient churches and cathedrals, castles and stately mansions. The average tourist is, I know, usually content to make excursions only to Versailles, Fontainebleau and Chartres, so I hope that the following suggestions, mostly to three-starred places, may encourage others to explore the great wealth of this countryside in which it is so easy to get rewarding delights.

Perhaps a brief explanation of the Ile de France's puzzling name may not be amiss. This name is very ancient, and dates back to the time of Clovis. Until 843, France consisted of the territory immediately around Paris: some poetically-minded Civil Servant of the period looked upon its frontier rivers, the Epte, the Marne, the Aisne, the Yonne, and the Eure, and saw it as a green land surrounded by water. More prosaically, it may be considered as comprising the *départements* of the Aisne, the Oise, the Seine, Seine-et-Oise, Seine-et-Marne and a part of that of the Somme. This corresponds almost exactly to the boundaries of the fifteenth-century province.

There is surely no need for me to do more than mention Versailles, Fontainebleau and Chartres. But if you have not seen the lovely, restored theatre at Versailles, you should certainly pay it a visit, for it is a building of sheer delight. Note, however, that at present it is only open to conducted parties in the afternoon; and, by the way, the best way of reaching Versailles is by the railway which offers a frequent train service from the Gare d'Orsay. It is then only a few minutes' walk from the Versailles station to the Palace.

Of the other possible excursions from Paris, the most satisfying are perhaps those to La Malmaison, Maisons-Lafitte, St. Germain-en-Laye, St. Denis, Chantilly and possibly nearby Senlis, and Compiègne with its neighbouring attractions.

La Malmaison, west of Paris, offers an easy half-day's excursion. This great Napoleonic shrine has undergone many changes since Josephine lived there, and has recently been renovated, refurnished, and rehung, so you now see it almost exactly as it was when Josephine was mistress of the house. While the furniture is not always the original, it is of the same period and corresponds to contemporary descriptions of the individual pieces. The French authorities are exceedingly clever at this careful task of reconstructing the past. You can also see the same methods used in other palaces, such as Compiègne. In La Malmaison, the result is delightful and charming, and the great collections still evoke more vivid memories of the Emperor than any other single site. Give yourself time, too, to stroll in the gardens which are lovely with roses. Then the exhibition of Napoleon's relics in the house are alone worth coming from Paris to see. And, if time allows, visit the old church of Rueil, for within it is Josephine's tomb.

Beyond Malmaison are St. Germain-en-Laye and Maisons-Lafitte. The former possesses the royal chateau in which Louis XIV was born. The interior, however, is of little general appeal, for most of the rooms are devoted to museum collections. In fact, the most rewarding feature is obtained by climbing on to the roof, whence a magnificent panoramic view of the Seine Valley, looking towards Paris, is obtainable. Nearby is a great forest, a lovely spot for a walk on a hot summer's afternoon. Incidentally, it was to this palace that the fugitive King of England, James II, came in January 1689, and for many years it was his home, from which emanated edicts, proclamations and amnesties, all headed "Given at Our Court of St. Germains." This unfortunate monarch is buried in the nearby parish church.

Maisons-Lafitte is about the same distance (13 miles) from Paris as St. Germain-en-Laye and it also offers an easy half-day's excursion. But I suggest it might well be linked with St. Germain which could be seen in the morning, followed by lunch in one of the many restaurants there or a picnic in the forest, and then a 5-mile saunter through the woods to Maisons, with a visit to the chateau (open until 5 p.m. in summer). This would get you back to Paris in good time for dinner.

The Chateau of Maisons outwardly is a fine blending of Classic and Renaissance, and its principal façade is towards the Seine. The interior is extremely graceful and pleasing, and its interest lies in the fact that it was built for a private citizen, not for kings or semi-royal princes. In consequence, it made no history. It is enough that the owners of Maisons loved beauty of art and craft and shared it with their friends, and that we to-day can spend rewarding hours in its lovely rooms.

St. Denis lies so close to Paris, of which it is a suburb, that many people omit it from their sightseeing. This is a great pity, for its ancient abbey is unique in that it is the burial place of the kings of France, their queens and children. Thus this Gothic church is not only of great historic interest, but also offers considerable artistic appeal. In fact, if you wish to understand the evolution of France, you should most certainly go to St. Denis.

It is true that the tombs were desecrated at the time of the Revolution and their human remains scattered, but the sculptured tombs escaped harm. Many of the effigies

**CHATEAU DE CHANTILLY: It consists of two main divisions, Bullant, for the Constable Anne de Montmorency, and the destroyed during the Revolution. To-day, the Grand** *On right*—**The seventeenth-century chateau at Sceaux**

## SOME DON'TS FOR EASTER

Should you decide at this late hour to go to Paris this Easter, don't waste your time looking for a plane reservation on the Thursday before Good Friday. There are just not any left. Unfortunately, there is no point either in putting your name on the waiting list, for it so happens there is a shortage of planes at the moment, which means that no extra services will be produced at the last moment, like magic out of the blue.

It would be far better to travel by air on the Tuesday or Wednesday beforehand when flights, though filling up rapidly, can still take the odd passenger or two. The same situation is true of flights to Spain, Majorca, the French Riviera and, of course, Rome, although no difficulty will arise should you wish to fly to Belgium or Switzerland, for example. Seats can still be found on the day before the holiday, and Geneva or Brussels are cities well worth considering for an Easter visit. If you wish to go further afield for a longer holiday, then the bottleneck on Maundy Thursday will not affect you, for you can leave earlier or later, as you wish.

Now that the Middle East is in a state of quiescence once again, it might be wise to make that long-deferred visit to the Holy Land. There is still time to make arrangements for a four-day visit this spring, if not at Easter. If you were to leave by air, you could be in Beirut in a matter of seven hours, and then fly on again to Jerusalem, where you could stay in the Holy City. On the first day you could spend the morning visiting the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Wailing Wall, the Via Dolorosa, the Ecce Homo Arch and the Church of St. Anne. In the afternoon a car could take you to the Tomb of the Virgin, the Garden of Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, with a visit to the Church of the Ascension. On the next day a drive could be arranged to Bethlehem, visiting the Church of the Nativity, the Latin Church, the Cave of St. Jerome, and the Milk Grotto. On the last day you could drive out to the Dead Sea, the River Jordan and Jericho before flying back to London.

Such a short visit would cost you about £170 a head. The air fare to Beirut is £135 return.

Alternatively, you could fly out in the first place to Tel Aviv and spend nine days in Israel, staying in Jerusalem, but in the New City. One itinerary includes visits to Haifa, the excavations at Megiddo, Nazareth, Cana of Galilee, Tiberias, the Plain of Sharon and Jaffa.

Should you wish to extend your stay either in Jordan or in Israel there are a surprising number of excursions which you can take by private car. There is a day tour to Damascus, for an example, with a drive over the Lebanon Mountains to the capital of Syria, where you can visit the "street called Straight," the houses of Judas and Ananias, the Great Mosque and the bazaars. From Jerusalem you can go to the ruins of ancient Samaria and the Herodian City, visiting Jacob's Well and Nablus. On the Jordan side, if you get as far as Amman, it is quite possible to arrange a visit to Petra, that "rose-red city, half as old as time."

W. D. C. C.

**A MAJESTIC CHATEAU WHICH STANDS ON THE EASTERN EDGE a facsimile of a medieval castle. In this picture the 112 ft. high. The building was originally erected in**

are the Châtelet or Capitainerie, built about 1560, probably by Jean
d Chateau. This was built in 1876-82 to replace the smaller chateau
eau is used as a museum with a magnificent collection of paintings.
ions as a museum which is known as the Musée de l'Yle-de-France.

actual portraits, and as such are of considerable historic
erest. Some of the tombs, too, are of importance
istically, while in the crypt are buried the remains of
uis XVI and Marie Antoinette, as well as the ashes of
uis XVIII and other members of the Bourbon family
o died in the early years of the nineteenth century.

By fast train, it is only an hour to Compiègne which,
h its forest and environs, is full of interest, both
storical and scenic. Here Joan of Arc was captured in
30 by the Burgundians. Needless to say, there is a
tue of her facing on to the fine Town Hall, built in the
nsition period between the Gothic and Renaissance. It is a notable building. But, of course, the chief glory of this small provincial town is its historic chateau, which almost rivals Versailles in size. Like Malmaison, some of its rooms have been redecorated and furnished in the style of four of its most distinguished occupants: Marie-Louise, Napoleon, Napoleon III, and the Empress Eugènie. The internal arrangements are quite outstanding. Here, too, is the fascinating Museum of Carriages, where there is displayed a wide variety of vehicles, including Napoleon's travelling coupé and several early motor-cars. Why this palace should have been chosen for such a curious display is a mystery, but it certainly adds to the interest of a visit, and I found it most enjoyable.

THE FOREST OF COMPIEGNE : The eight-towered chateau of Pierrefonds is
era looks towards the main entrance on the south side. The towers are
but dismantled in 1617. It was restored in the nineteenth century.

The nearby Forest of Compiègne covers a vast area—much larger than the whole city of Paris. In one spot, the Clairière de l'Armistice, two historic events took place: the signing on November 11, 1918, of the armistice which ended World War I, and here on June 21, 1940, Hitler handed his armistice terms to the French. The same railway coach was used on both occasions, but what you see there to-day is a replica, for the original was removed to Germany. On the eastern edge of the forest there is the majestic, eight-towered chateau of Pierrefonds, only a facsimile of a medieval castle, but rich and colourful in every way, and a romantic sight.

Should your excursion goal be Chantilly, make sure in advance that the Chateau there is open, for in certain months it is closed on Tuesdays and Fridays, and always on race days at the famous neighbouring racecourse—and there are many of these days. This same advice applies also to those contemplating an excursion to Maisons-Lafitte, where there is also a race-course. You can get the necessary information from one of the Paris Hostesses, to be found in all the main railway stations, or from the National Tourist Office (8, avenue de l'Opera) and from the Syndicat d'Initiative (127, avenue des Champs-Elysées).

The history of Chantilly goes back many centuries. From its Gallo-Roman days to those of the great Condé there is no space to deal here with its history except to choose one curious episode to show its tremendous importance. Louis XIV and his Court descended upon it for three days in April 1671. Sixty tables of eighty covers each day had to be supplied three times a day. The great Vatel, sleepless with anxiety for twelve nights, was so dismayed by the failure of the roast to arrive at two of the tables for an evening meal that he committed suicide rather than that Monsieur le Prince's Comptroller-General of the Mouth should have to face the King's displeasure.

The Grand Chateau was razed to foundation level during the Revolution, and the splendid building you now see dates only from 1876. It is now a museum with a magnificent collection of paintings.

Adjoining the Grand Chateau is the Little Chateau, an original building dating from 1560. Its interior decoration is delightful, while it contains more art treasures, including that wonderful illuminated manuscript, *Les Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*, which dates from about the year 1400. There are also some fine painted woodwork panels, and many remarkable miniatures and enamels. The Park, too, is very pleasing, while you might care to drive through the nearby great forest to Senlis, a medieval town which still retains its character and where there is a fine cathedral. Not very far from this sleepy, old-world cathedral town are the ruins of the Abbey of Chaalis, a Cistercian foundation of 1136.

### FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

For those seeking further information about the Ile de France, I can recommend Michelin's *Environs de Paris* and Vivian Rowe's *Royal Chateaux of Paris* (Putnam).

### USEFUL ADDRESSES

*French Government Tourist Office*, 178, *Piccadilly*, *London*, *W.*1.
*Motorways*, 85, *Knightsbridge*, *S.W.*1.
*En Famille Agency Ltd.*, 1, *New Burlington Street*, *Regent Street*, *W.*1.
*Frames Tours Ltd.*, 25-31, *Tavistock Place*, *W.*1.
*Yuills Ltd.*, 24, *Royal Exchange*, *Threadneedle Street*, *E.C.*3.
*Sir Henry Lunn Ltd.*, 36, *Edgware Road*, *W.*2.
*Air France*, 158, *New Bond Street*, *W.*1.

### GORDON COOPERS' HOTEL "OSCARS" FOR 1957

Having slept in eighty different hotels during the past year, and visited (including eating a meal) another hundred, I consider my own personal "Oscar" awards would be:

First—Imperial Hotel, Torquay.
Second—Hostal de la Gavina, S'Agaro, Costa Brava.
Third—Hotel Ripotot, Champagnole (French Jura).
Fourth—Bella Riva, Fasano del Garda.
Fifth—New Post, St. Moritz, and the Chesa Grischuna, Klosters.
Sixth—Bellevue Palace, Berne.
Seventh—Luna Hotel, Venice.
Eighth—Villa Igea, Palermo.
Ninth—Cour St. Georges, Ghent.
Tenth—Excelsior, Catania, and Palace Hotel, Madrid.

*The World of Books*

# SPREADING GOOD NEWS

*A Journalist with the Everest Expedition; The Quarrel Between H. G. Wells and Henry James; An Unusual Mother; A Schoolmaster's Adventures; Aspects of America*

IN the driving, biting cold of an English summer nearly five years ago, English people all over the country woke up to the news that Everest had at last been conquered by a British team and it seemed at the time, as it still does, that this was one of the best presents that a nation could have dreamed up to celebrate the crowning of their young Queen. CORONATION EVEREST (Faber. 16s.) is a fresh kind of story about the great climb: the story of how the news was relayed from the successive camps to the rest of the world and of how the final great event, with Hillary and Tensing briefly poised at the top of the world, was conveyed to the Queen and to all of us.

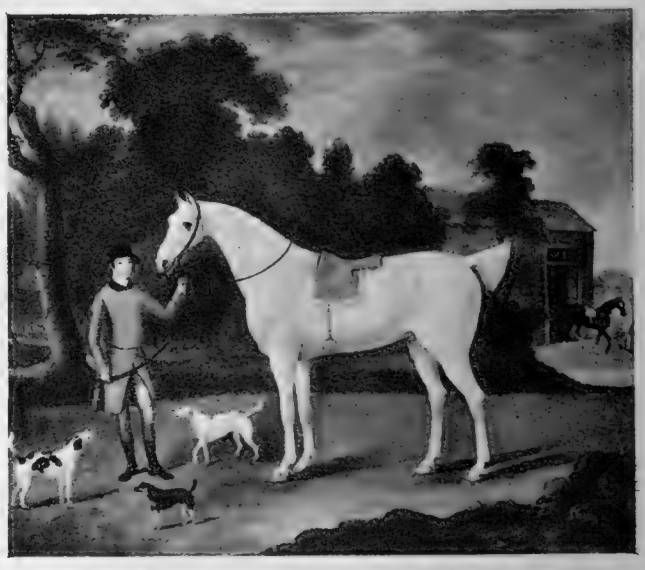
Mr. James Morris went to Everest as Special Correspondent of *The Times*. He wrote this book, as he tells us, three years ago, " just for the fun of it " and it retains much of the intense feeling of comradeship, of risk, of excitement and disappointment, and, above all, of dedication that was alive in Sir John Hunt's expedition. Sending back dispatches as often as practicable, living on friendly terms with the mountaineers and both understanding and admiring them, Mr. Morris has a very closely focussed story of the climb to tell. A splendid book and one with all the novelty of a perfectly new approach.

From great adventure, comparable with the triumph of Sir " Bunny " Fuchs, to the world of letters. Mr. Leon Edel and Mr. Gordon N. Ray, respectively biographers of James and Wells, have written a record of the friendship of these writers, their debate on the art of fiction and their final quarrel. HENRY JAMES AND H. G. WELLS (Hart-Davis. 21s.) deserves more than the cool label of " interesting." It is a study which will be essential reading for any serious or even any dilettante student of this century's literature and writers. Henry James, without even a partisan doubt, comes best out of the affair of the quarrel. He had befriended Wells, expressed his admiration for him, advised him and all this without patronage but with a recognition of Wells's particular gifts and particular place in the world of writing. Wells seems to have appreciated this for a time and then, perhaps, unconsciously, to have resented it.

COME INTO THE SUNLIGHT (Jarrolds. 21s.) is Miss Nerina Shute's story of her mother's life and as strong a contrast to the last book as could readily be imagined. Miss Shute refers to the lady as an Edwardian mother but the most elementary application of logic will tell the reader that this is not a typical Edwardian figure. For one thing, her mother has been married six times, sometimes to characters as formal as a retired Sussex bank manager, sometimes to what she herself described as rough diamonds from the West.

The author was the child of the second husband, an amiable, well-bred and intrinsically lazy man who seems to have believed that work was the ruin of the drinking classes. From him Miss Shute may have inherited charm but her insistence on an independent career was all her own. As she describes it, she has worked in many fields besides journalism and authorship, has belatedly attended University classes and been connected with commercial firms. At present she lives with her old but indomitable mother near the big Sussex estate that featured in one of the family's earlier manifestations.

This week's list of novels begins with a high-spirited but slightly formless story of a young schoolmaster's scholastic adventures and amatory excursions, the latter rather in the nature of day trips than anything more enterprising. COME OUT TO PLAY (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) is fairly mild fun but it *is* fun. It also has something in the nature of a shock treatment about it, since its more lively passages are dedicated to a record of the activities of the staff, on and off duty.



**A HUNTER IN THE MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: White William with two foxhounds and a terrier was painted by Francis Sartorius in 1759. The picture shows the hunting saddlery of the period. The smallness of the hounds compared with the terrier is also worth noting.** The plate is one of the 100 illustrations in *The Horse in Art*, by David Livingstone-Learmonth (Studio Publications. 42s.). The book has a fine selection of reproductions of paintings of horses from the fifteenth century to Degas.

" Balaam," its author, has very evidently some experience of his own to fall back on, although one hopes that his lively sense of invention is responsible for most of his plot. The result is certainly a diverting and, in its own lighthearted way, a cautionary tale.

The episodes in Mr. Samuel Selvon's WAYS OF SUNLIGHT (MacGibbon and Kee. 15s.) have a common denominator: an attempt—which I would call highly successful—to teach us more about the West Indian character, as we see it in London and as it is more freely expressed in an island such as Trinidad. Mr. Selvon writes sometimes in the idiom of the people he describes, sometimes in his own, smoother but still colourful prose. I found these stories of his moving, startling or depressing but never for a moment commonplace.

M. Romain Gary won the Prix Goncourt, most coveted of French literary awards, with his new novel, THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN (Michael Joseph. 16s.). The theme of the book is the essential innocence and the essential liberty inherent in Nature, and the equally inevitable enmity between Man and Nature. Against an African background M. Gary has set his champion of defenceless nature: a man who takes the hunting and killing of elephants as most savage and senseless and who determines to oppose it as effectively as he can.

Those who support him in his cause are, to put it mildly, a mixed lot. An excessively articulate priest; a poor and bitter woman; an American whose problems lie with his conscience; a ruthless African nationalist; and a Danish professor and, of all people, a professional elephant hunter. It is a long and satisfying book.

To finish are three American novels with all the variety that the forty-eight States can produce. RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS (Heinemann. 15s.) is very funny, all too topical and readable enough to compete with trains, buses, queues and insomnia. It is not, however, a soporific but a begetter of laughter. Mr. Max Shulman has written about a pleasant small town within commuting distance of New York and about the reactions of its inhabitants when they hear that a rocket base is to be established within their boundaries. The story is original, full of zest and comedy, and an extremely adult piece of work for all its farcical implications.

THE HOMECOMING GAME (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is the expression of a different form of humour. This story by Mr. Howard Nemerov is concerned with an American college of moderate size and reputation, and with the football match which is the outstanding event of its collegiate year. A leading player fails his exams and is therefore disqualified from taking part in the game. Enormous pressure is brought to bear on the professor who has " flunked " him in order that some face-saving compromise can be arranged which will allow the young man to help his side to victory. Ironical, subtle, a little sour and very clever.

Mr. Bernard Wolfe has written about an American oceanographer who abandons his work off Key West to look for the political murderers of his best friend. The scene shifts from the ocean-bed to a boat deck, from Florida to Havana, and from fly-blown houses to equally unappetising bars. IN DEEP (Secker and Warburg. 18s.) has considerable force, fast pace and some fairly hair-raising passages.

Vernon Fane.

### "THE STORY OF MARY BRYANT"

In our Christmas number dated November 8, 1957, we should have stated that the article published in that issue under the above title was in part based upon the book by Commander Geoffrey Rawson entitled *The Strange Case of Mary Bryant*, published in 1938.

We regret this omission.

# FAMILY FORTUNES

*The Gramonts and the Stuarts*

A full-scale biography of any leading member of the Gramont family over a period of 300 years of French history would be fully justified, for among them were the redoubtable Philibert, the subject of the famous *Memoires* and grandson of La Belle Corisande, mistress of Henry IV of France, and his half-brother Antoine III, 1st Duke of Gramont and Marshal of France. Historian W. H. Lewis has, however, dealt with the members of this great family in a very different way, and one that is completely fascinating. The Gramonts were Gascons, said to be of Basque origin, a typical provincial family with some pretensions to culture and rank, but not of the court nobility. The gulf between the court noble and the country gentleman in the days of Louis XIV was not easy to bridge, class barriers being very rigid. Nevertheless, the forceful Gramonts won their way through to fame and fortune, and in ASSAULT ON OLYMPUS (Andre Deutsch. 18s.), Mr. Lewis describes their rise between 1604 and 1678. In doing so he really examines the social structure of France in the age of Louis XIV, a time when new houses were rising from bourgeois stock and famous names declining into obscurity. It was in 1620 that the first Gramont came to the fore, securing the Government of Navarre and defeating the Spaniards at Roncevaux. Antoine III was the real founder of the family fortunes at court, and he is the central figure in this *Assault on Olympus*. The little cadet from Gascony was fortunate beyond his dreams, becoming Marshal of France, with the high-sounding titles of Knight of St. Esprit, Sovereign of Bidache, Governor of Béarn and Navarre, and Porte Oriflamme of France.

Here is another family assessment, another portrait of the social structure of the same age, only this time the scene is set on the other side of the Channel. Sir Charles Petrie's THE STUARTS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.) now appears in a second edition twenty-one years after the first. Again the social interest is strong, emerging, as it does, in a series of vivid character sketches. The final chapter on the fall of the Stuarts is particularly revealing, and an interesting comparison is made between the late Primo de Rivera, the Spanish Dictator, and James II, both of whom, when confronted with problems that were a little beyond them, fell into panic.

A. A. Hoehling's EDITH CAVELL (Cassell. 15s.) has some of the character of a biography, but possesses also the characteristics of a piece of historical research directed at discovering why this brave woman so resolutely trod the path to martyrdom when a little discretion in her evidence might well have saved her, as it had saved others no less guilty in German eyes. The author asks also why were the efforts of the United States Legation in Brussels and other agencies who might have helped Nurse Cavell so long delayed after her arrest. The thought is clearly implanted in the reader's mind that political considerations were at work on the Allied side, one more barbarity after the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the atrocities at Louvain being all that was required to bring America into the war. Here is a serious probing of the known facts and, as such, it commands attention.

NO MOSS FOR ME (Robert Hale. 18s.) is described by the publishers as the personal record of an adventure addict. The said addict is Forrest Webb, who at twenty-eight has had an unusually varied life, having been soldier, diver, wrestler, hunter, dental mechanic, holiday camp sports organiser, cowman, clerk and Civil Servant. He has written a book of pace and gusto, and shows what can befall an ordinary mortal if he goes all out for adventure.

THE WORLD UNVEILED (Hamish Hamilton. 42s.) tells the story of exploration from Columbus to Livingstone, and is the work of Paul Herrmann, whose earlier book, *Conquest by Man*, traced exploration from the Stone Age to the rounding of the Cape of Good Hope by Diaz. This is a massive work which has, like its predecessor, come well through the translator's hands and should have very wide appeal.

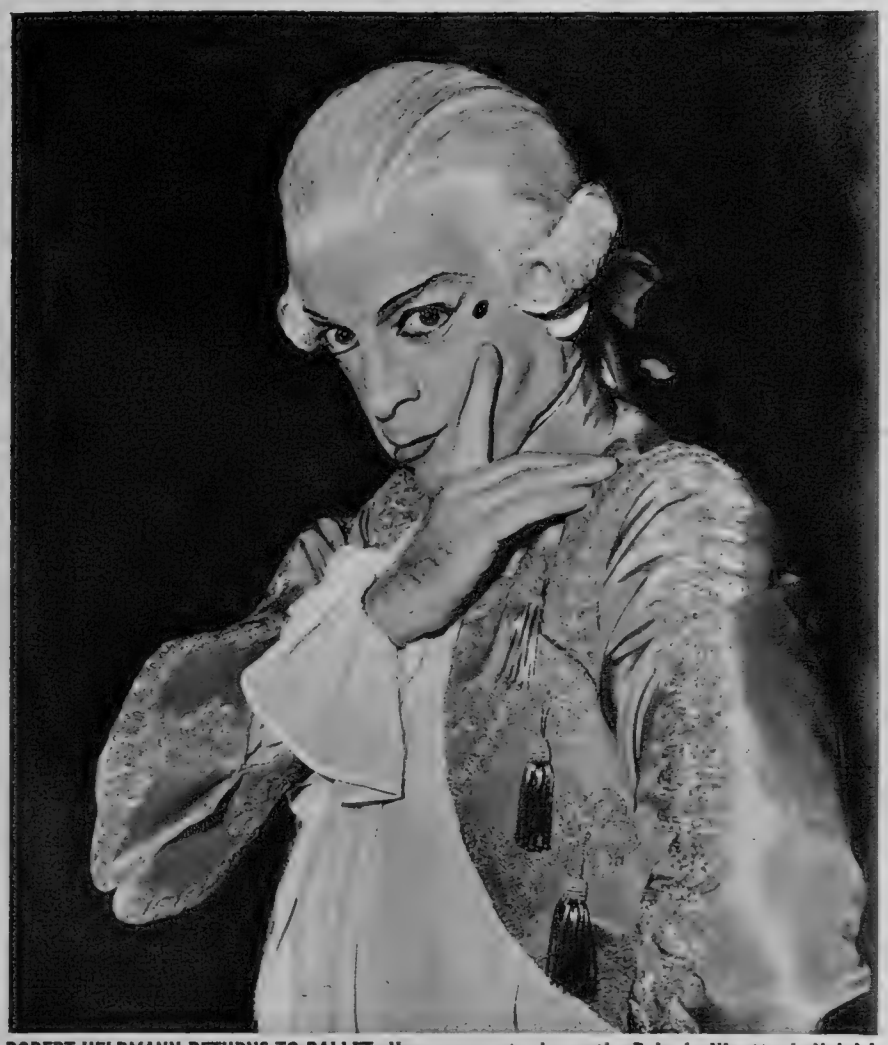
There are four new additions to the St. Martin's Library (published by Macmillan) which has already won for itself such a deserved reputation; Rolf Boldrewood's ROBBERY UNDER ARMS (6s.), Hugh Walpole's JUDITH PARIS (6s.), Thomas Hardy's THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE (4s.), and Lewis Carroll's ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND and THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS (3s. 6d.). The last-named volume has all the original illustrations by Sir John Tenniel. R. C. E.

# OPERA, BALLET AND A NEW PLAY

*"William Tell" in London; "Murder in the Cathedral" in Milan; "Rake's Progress" and a Giraudoux Drama*

**A PRIMA BALLERINA "STANDS-IN": Alicia Markova poses with an apple on her head while Gino Bechi takes aim with bow and arrow. The famous ballerina was standing in for Odilia Rech, who sings Jemmy, the son, during a rehearsal for *William Tell* at the Drury Lane Theatre, London.** Gino Bechi has the title-role. The opera was brought into the programme of the current Italian Opera Season at the end of last month at Drury Lane. Although the Overture is one of the best-known in the world, the opera itself is almost entirely unknown to British audiences, having been last performed in London in 1911. It is Rossini's longest work for the stage, consisting in all of four long acts, the second of which includes a ballet. This is danced at Drury Lane by Madame Markova. The season of Italian Opera at that theatre finishes at the end of next week on March 22.

*On right—*
**THE BALLET IN "WILLIAM TELL":** At the Drury Lane Theatre Alicia Markova dances with Boerge Ralov, from Denmark, in the ballet scene in the opera by Rossini.



**ROBERT HELPMANN RETURNS TO BALLET: He prepares to dance the Rake in Ninette de Valois' *The Rake's Progress* with the Royal Ballet at the Covent Garden Theatre, in London. He was about to appear for the first time on that stage since Coronation night. In the present season Mr. Helpmann is also dancing Dr. Coppelius in *Coppelia*, another of his famous roles. In his welcome return to the ballet he shows that he has lost none of his art, especially in the very exacting and often athletic part of Hogarth's Rake.**

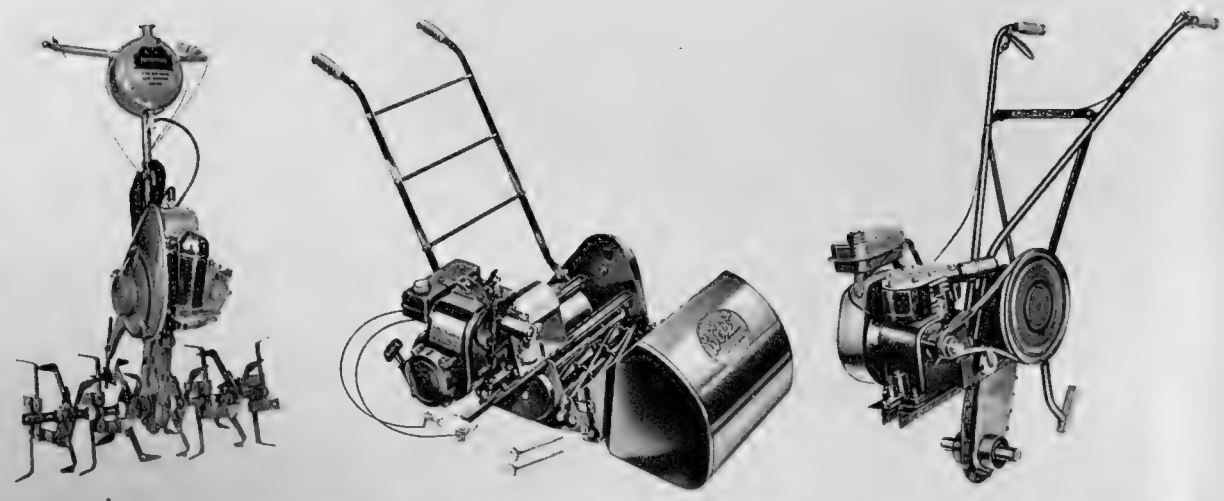
**AN ENGLISH PLAY AS AN ITALIAN OPERA: After the world premiere of *Murder in the Cathedral* at La Scala, in Milan, are Ildebrando Pizetti (right), composer of the score, Nicola Rossi Lemeni (centre), who sang Becket, and Piero Zuffi (left), responsible for the decor.** Signor Pizetti has adapted Monsignor Alberto Castelli's Italian translation of T. S. Eliot's play to suit his own libretto. Although there are inevitable differences in stress between the stage and the opera versions, the latter loses none of the profound feeling of the play with which Mr. Eliot first made his reputation as a dramatist. A most impressive decor, a bold production (by Miss Margherita Wallmann) and, naturally, singing of the highest standard by La Scala Company made the first performance of *Murder in the Cathedral* as an opera a memorable occasion for Milan.

**"DUEL OF ANGELS": In the play by Giraudoux, which opened at Newcastle upon Tyne last week, are Claire Bloom (left) and Vivien Leigh. This week the provincial tour is being continued at Edinburgh and the play will also be seen in Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool and Oxford. Eventually it will come to London. The direction is by Jean-Louis Barrault and the translation from the French has been made by Christopher Fry.**

# POWER IN THE GARDEN

*How to Choose the Best Powered Machines for One's own Purpose*

By GODFREY BASELEY



**POWERED MACHINES FOR THE GARDEN: *Left*—The Motohak cultivator is ideal for use in confined spaces under glass, small plots, or full-scale outdoor cultivation. *Centre*—The power unit of the Webb 16-in. motor-mower can be detached in thirty seconds. *Right*—The basic unit of the Wolseley Merry Tiller rotary cultivator, which can be used for a host of jobs.**

THERE is no doubt about it, "Power Gardening" is here to stay. In fact, I would go so far as to say that in this day and age anyone with more than half an acre of garden will find power gardening in some form an essential, and before long we gardeners will be as mechanised in our gardens as the farmer is on his farm. It is not only the shortage of professional gardeners that has brought about the rapid increase of mechanical aids to the owners of large gardens, but a growing desire by more and more people to look after the garden themselves as a form of relaxation. And these people need some help with the more laborious side of the job.

It is perhaps a little confusing to have to decide which is the best machine for one's own purpose out of the very wide range that has now been made available by manufacturers, and no doubt you will be influenced by the machine that takes your fancy, or the one that suits your pocket (plus the power of the individual salesman). I have found after three years' experience of using a variety of machines that there are several factors which must be appreciated right from the beginning and first and foremost I place the basic power unit itself.

Never be "under-powered" for the sake of a few pounds in the original cost because, over the years, you will without question want to put the machine to a tougher job than that for which it was originally designed. Even with the normal cultivations a variety of weather conditions can increase the draught of the cultivating attachments, to say nothing of additional consolidation brought about by being constantly on the ground during a harvest period. I am thinking of the kind of consolidation that can take place during the harvesting of the brussels sprouts crop in a wet winter.

Secondly, I put the question of "balance"—not only when the machine is at work but also when it is being moved from place to place or being turned at the end of a row. Without good balance it can take a lot of physical effort to operate the machine and keep it under control.

Next on my list is simplicity. All the controls should come to hand very easily and naturally and, if at all possible, without removing your hands from the steering-bar. I can assure you that you will need all your concentration to keep a straight course if you are working between rows of growing plants with very little space to spare on either side of the machine. But, above all, look for simplicity in the method of changing the various attachments that you will need if your gardening is to be fully mechanised. Few gardeners are good engineers, although they may need to be in the future. It is very frustrating to have to struggle with a heavy piece of equipment and try to locate two or three bolts and get them through holes that are a dead fit. This operation may be perfectly simple while the machine is in showroom condition but, when it has been at work for a while and probably left out when a storm of rain has driven the operator under cover, it is a very different proposition. So when you are buying a machine don't be content to watch the demonstrator making the change. Try it yourself under working conditions.

Having made your choice of the basic unit there comes the question of the necessary attachments which will not only simplify other gardening operations for you but will keep your machine in operation throughout the year. For normal cultivation you will have the choice of the traditional plough, or a cultivator with a rotary action.

There are two main types of rotary cultivators available; those fitted with flat or curved blades, and those with spring tines. They are equally effective in the right conditions. In my own garden (a fairly light sandy loam) I prefer the rotary blades. With them I find that I can break up the soil quite comfortably to a depth of 7 or 8 ins., and also have the added advantage of using the same tool for preparing a seed-bed and when it is set to the depth of about 1 in., for rowcrop work during the summer months. My friends on heavier soil seem to prefer the spring tines for general cultivation and to use the conventional hoe blades or "duck feet" for inter-row work.

**FOR HEDGES AND EDGES: *Left*—The Tarpentrimmer, with reciprocating blades, cuts twigs up to ¾-in. thick, and weighs under 6 lb. *Right*—The Vergemaster cuts the grass of lawn edges as fast as the operator can walk.**

Next to the actual work in the garden, grass cutting, of both long and short grass, is a major operation. The power-driven lawn-mower is an old friend and did much to set in motion the whole idea of power gardening. I am sure that even to-day the specially-designed mower, powered by a small petrol engine or by electricity, is the best tool for short grass mowing, particularly where there is a large area to be mown and the pattern of the lawn is irregular. But in orchards, shrub gardens and ornamental woodlands, the long grass cutting attachments to the power gardening tool are invaluable. Most manufacturers are now able to offer a choice of either the traditional reciprocating cutter blade or the newer rotary scythe. Both tools do an excellent job.

During recent years the electric hedge-trimmer has proved to be a great boon and most garden tractor manufacturers have made it possible for their machines to drive a dynamo that will supply the power to the hedge-trimmer. With this attachment you are not tied to a power point, but can be completely mobile. There are also on the market several types of hedge-trimmers driven by a flexible drive direct from the engine. This type of drive is very positive but I have found them heavy to use and difficult to control. Another attachment that is well worth while, if you have a number of fruit trees, is the powered pump for spraying.

Each year manufacturers of power gardening tools are introducing more and more attachments to help us through the work in the garden. Air compressors that can be used in the garage and the workshop; saw benches to help us with the fuel problem; soil shredders and mixers of all kinds; and, although the initial cost may in some cases look high, we have to remember the present cost of labour (even if it is obtainable) and put this against the fact that, if these machines receive reasonable care and attention, they will last for many years.

If you are a newcomer to power gardening you will have to replan your layout, particularly in the vegetable garden, so that the machine can operate to the best advantage. Remember that space will be required at the end of each row to turn the machine and that the rows should be wide enough for the machine to work between them during the growing season.

How do you make your choice of a machine? If it is at all possible I would suggest that you go along to the Royal Horticultural Society's Show at Chelsea (May 21-23) and examine all the makes down the long machinery avenue, and if you find what you are looking for, make arrangements for your local dealer or agent to come and give you a demonstration in your own garden. The local man can be very helpful in recommending the necessary attachments for your particular needs, and remember that either you yourself or your gardener will then have an opportunity to test out the simplicity of the operation.

**WORKING FOR THE GARDENER: *Left*—The Horti Culto has attachments for hedge trimming and hoeing; for deep digging and lawn mowing, and an 18-in. rotary cutter. *Left centre*—Ransomes' "Cyclone" rotary mower has a cutting width of 18 ins. *Right centre*—The Allen Universal Motor Scythe, Model F, has a plug-in feature which enables its implements to be fitted very quickly. *Right*—The new Roto Gardener is another versatile machine designed to tackle many of the "labouring" jobs in the garden.**

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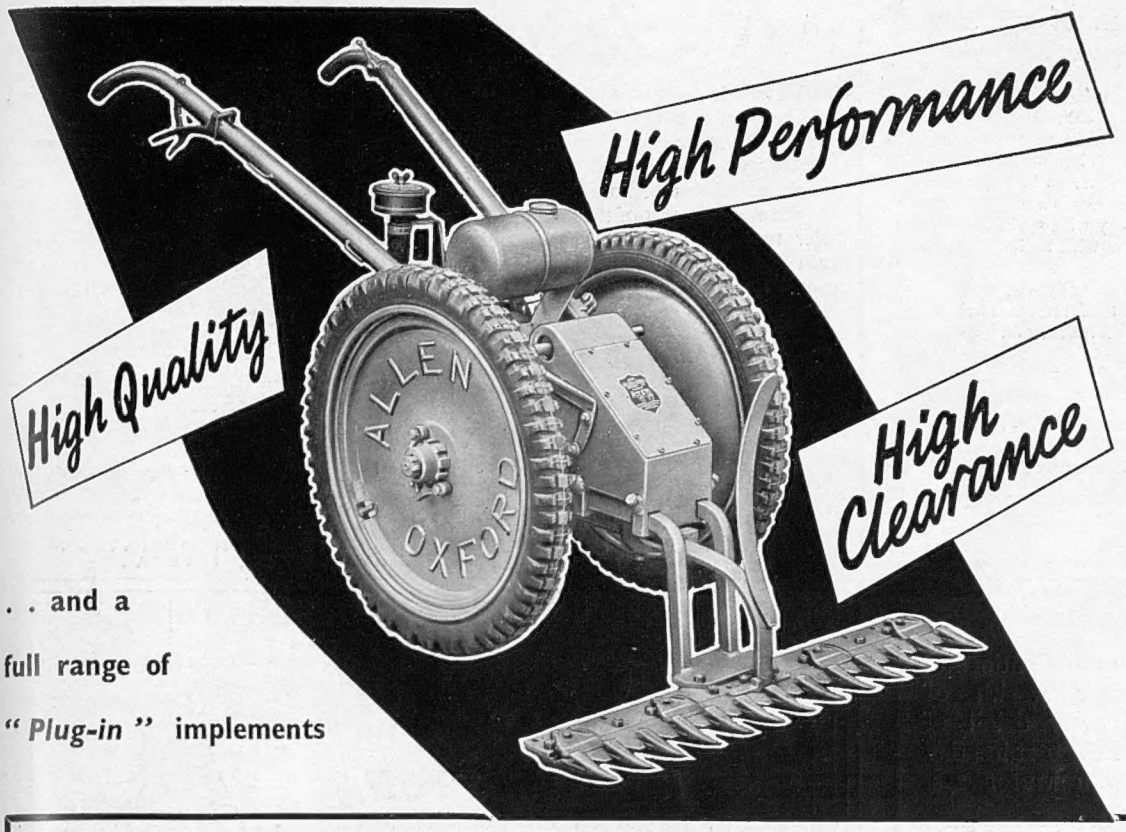


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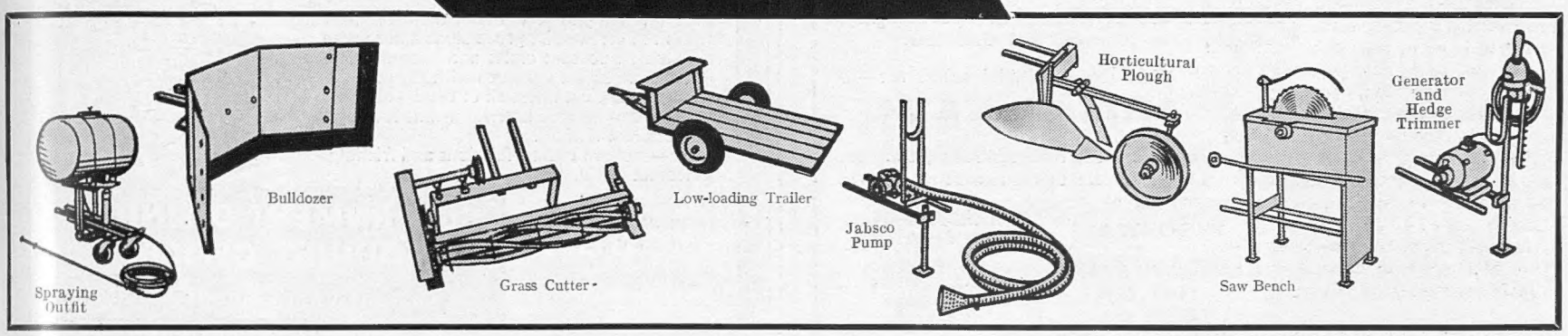


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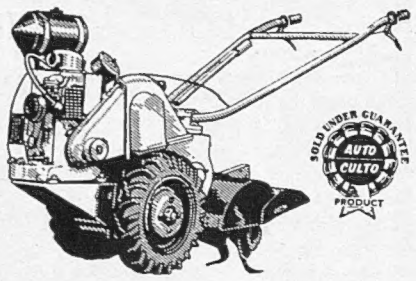


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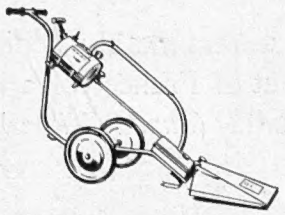

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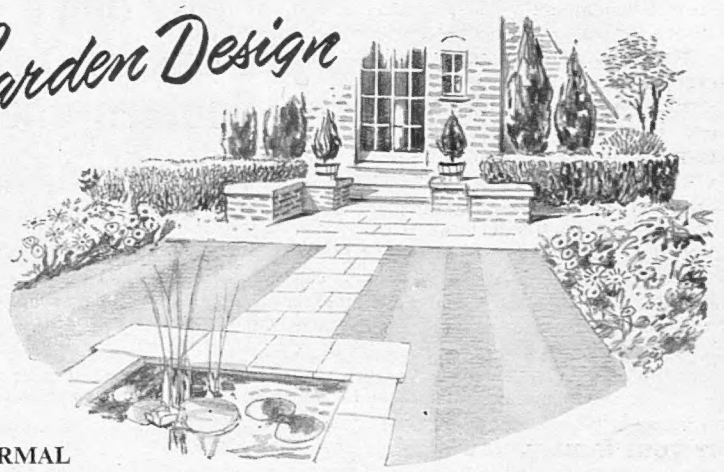

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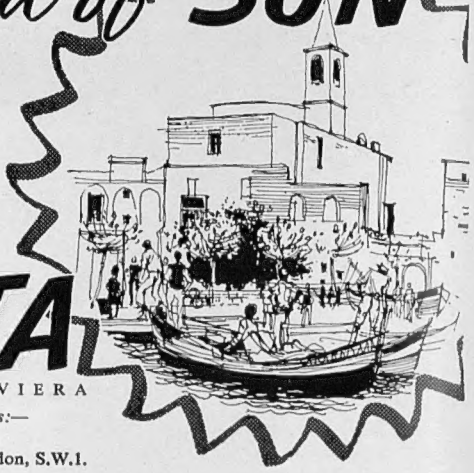

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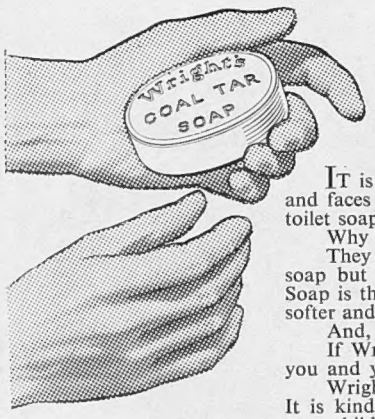


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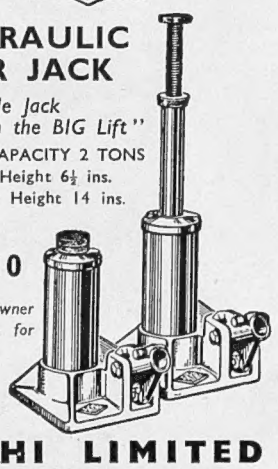

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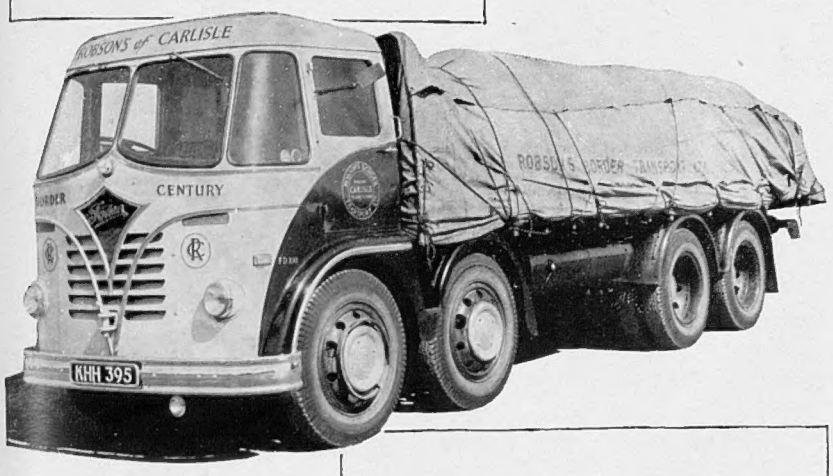


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